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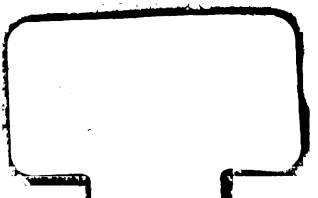

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VVHAT YOV VVILL.

By

Iohn Marſton.

Imprinted at London by G. E L D, for
Thomas Thorppe.
1607.

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What you will.

INDVCTION.

Before the Muſicke ſounds for the Acte: Enter Atticus, Doricus, *&* Phylomuſe, *they ſit a good while on the Stage before the Candles are lighted, talking together, & on ſuddeine* Doricus *ſpeakes.*

Enter Tier-man *with lights.*

Dor. O Fie ſome lights, fie fie, let there be no deeds of darkneſſe done among vs.—I ſo, ſo, pree thee Tyer-man ſet *Sineor Snuffe* a fier, he's a chollerick Gentleman, he will take Pepper in the noſe inſtantly, feare not, fore Heauen I wonder they tollerate him ſo nere the Stage.

Phy. Faith *Doricus*, thy braine boiles, keele it, keele it, or all the fatt's in the fire: in the name of *Phœbus*, what merry *Genius* haunts thee to day, thy lips play with Feathers.

Dor. Troth they ſhould pick ſtraws before they ſhould be idle.

Atti, But why, but why dooſt thou wonder they dare ſuffer *Snuffe* ſo neere the Stage?

Dor. O well recald, marry Sir *ſineor Snuffe*, *Monnſieur Mew*, and *Caualiero Blurt*, are three of the moſt to bee fear'd Auditors that euer———

Phy. Piſh for ſhame, ſtint thy idle chatte.

Dor. Nay dreame what-ſo-ere your fantaſie ſwimmes on *Phylomuſe*, I proteſt in the loue you haue procured mee to beare your friend the Author, I am vehemently fearefull, this threefold halter of contempt that choakes the breath of witte, theſe aforeſaid *tria ſunt omnia*, Knights of the *Meaw* will ſitt heauie on the skirtes of his Sceanes, if—

Phy. If what? beleeue it *Doricus* his ſpirit,
Is higher blouded then to quake and pant
At the report of *Skoffes* Artillery;
Shall he be creaſt-falne, if ſome looſer braine,
In flux of witte vnciuely befilth
His ſlight compoſures? ſhall his boſome faint
If drunken *Cenſure* belch out ſower breath,
From *Hatreds* ſurfet on his labours front?
Nay ſay ſome halfe a dozen rancorous breaſts
Should plant them-ſelues on purpoſe to diſcharge

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Impoſtum'd malice on his lateſt Sceane
Shall his reſolue be ſtruck through with the blirt,
Of a gooſe breath? What imperfect borne?
What ſhort liu'd *Meteor*? what cold hatted Snow
Would melt in dolor? cloud his mudded eyes
Sinck downe his iawes, if that ſome iuicles huſk
Some boundleſſe ignorance ſhould on ſudden ſhoote
His groſſe knob'd burbolt, with *thats not ſo good,*
Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light Chaffy ſtuff?
Why gentle ſpirits what looſe wauing fane?
What any thing would thus be skru'd about
With each ſlight touch of od Phantaſmatas?
No let the feeble palſeid lamer ioynts,
Leane on opinions crutches, let the ———

Dor. Nay, nay, nay, Heauens my hope, I cannot ſmoth this (ſtraine,
Witts death I cannot, what a leaprous humor
Breaks from ranke ſwelling of theſe bubbling wits?
Now out vp-pont: I wonder what tite braine:
Wrung in this cuſtome to mainetaine *Contempt*
Gainſt common *Cenſure*: to giue ſtiffe counter buffes
To crack rude skorne euen on the very face
Of better audience. Slight iſt not odious,
Why harke you honeſt, honeſt *Phylomuſe*
(You that indeauor to indeere our thoughts,
To the compoſers ſpirit) hold this firme:
Muſike and Poetry were firſt approu'd
By common ſcence; and that which pleaſed moſt,
Held moſt allowed paſſe: not rules of Art
Were ſhapt to pleaſure, not pleaſure to your rules,
Thinke you if that his ſceanes tooke ſtampe in mint
Of three or foure deem'd moſt iuditious,
It muſt inforce the world to currant them
That you muſt ſpit defiance on diſlike?
Now as I loue the light were I to paſſe
Through publick verdit, I ſhould feare my forme
Leaſt ought I offerd were vnſquard or warp'd,
„ The more we know, the more we know we want
„ What *Bayard* boulder then the ignorant?

Beleeue

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» Beleeue me *Phylomuſe*: if faith thou muſt
» *The beſt beſt ſcale of wit, is wits diſtruſt.*

Phy. Nay gentle *Doricus*.

Dor. Ile here no more of him; nay and your friend the Author, the compoſer: the *What you will*: ſeemes ſo faire in his owne glaſſe, ſo ſtraight in his owne meaſure that hee talkes once of ſquinting *Critickes*, drunken *Cenſure*, ſplay-footed *Opinion*, iuicles huſkes, I ha done with him, I ha done with him.

Phy. Pew nay then ———

Dor. As if any ſuch vnſanctified ſtuffe could finde a beeing monge theſe ingenuous breaſts.

Atti. Come, let paſſe, let paſſe, lers ſee what ſtuffe muſt cloath our eares: what's the plaies name? *Phy. What you will.*

Dor. Iſt *Commedy*, *Tragedy*, *Paſtorall*, *Morall*, *Nocturnal* or *Hiſtorie*.

Phy. Faith perfectly neither, but euen *What you will*, a ſlight toye, lightly compoſed, to ſwiftly finiſht, ill plotted, worſe written, I feare me worſt acted, and indeed *What you will.*

Dor. Why I like this vaine well now.

At. Come, wee ſtraine the ſpectators patience in delaying their expected delightes. Lets place our ſelues within the Curtaines, for good faith the Stage is ſo very little we ſhall wrong the generall eye els very much.

Phy. If youle ſtay but a little Ile accompany you, I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to the Author to giue a kind of inductiue ſpeech to his Commedy.

At. Away: you neglect your ſelfe, a gentleman ———

Phy. Tut I haue vow'd it, I am double charg'd, go of as't twil, Ile ſet fire to it.

Dor. Ile not ſtand it, may chance recoile, and be not ſtuff'd with ſalte-peeter, well marke the report, marke the report.

Phy. Nay pree thee ſtay, ſlid the female preſence; the Gentleletza; the women will put me out.

Dor. And they ſtriue to put thee out, doe thou indeuor to put them.

Atti. In good faith if they put thee out of countenance; put thou them out of patience; & hew their eares with hacking imperfect vtterance.

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Dor. Goe ſtand to it, ſhew thy ſelfe a tale man of thy tongue, make an honeſt legge, put off thy Cap with diſcreete carriage: and ſo we leaue thee to the kinde Gentlemen, and moſt reſpected Auditors. *Exeunt, remanet tantum Phylomuſus.*

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PROLOGVS.

NOR labours hee the fauor of the rude,
Nor offers ſops vnto the Stigian *Dogge*
To force a ſcilence in his viperous toungs:
Nor cares he to inſinuate the grace,
Of loath'd detraction, nor perſues the lone
Of the nice Criticks *of this ſqueamiſh age,*
Nor ſtriues he to beare vp with euery ſaile
Of floting Cenſure: nor once dreads or care's
What enuious hand his guiltles Muſe *hath ſtruck,*
„Sweet breath from tainted ſtomacks who can ſuck:
But to the faire proportion'd loues of witte,
To the iuſt skale of euen paized thoughts:
To thoſe that know the pangs of bringing forth
A perfect feature: to their gentle mindes,
That can as ſoone ſlight of, as finde a blemiſh,
To thoſe as vmbly lowe as to their feete
I am oblig'd to bend: to thoſe his Muſe,
Makes ſolemne honour, for their wiſh'd delight:
He vowes induſtrious ſweat ſhall pale his cheeke,
But heele gloſe vp ſleeke obiects for their eyes:
For thoſe he is aſham'd, his beſt's too badd,
A ſilly ſubiect too too ſimply cladd
Is all his preſent, all his ready pay,
For many many debts. Giue further day
Ile giue a Prouerbe, Sufferance giueth eaſe:
So you may once be paid, we once may pleaſe. Exit.

ACT.

A3v
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ACT. 1. SCÆ. 2.

Enter Quadratus, Phylus *following him with a lute, a Page going before* Quadratus *with a torch.*

Phy. O I beseech you Sir reclaime his wits,
My masters mad, starke mad, alasse for loue,
Qua. For loue? nay and he be not mad for hate,
Tis amiable fortune; I tell thee youth
Right rare and geason: strang? mad for loue,
O show me him Ile giue him reasons straight.
So forcible so all inuincible,
That it shall drag loue out: run mad for loue?
What mortally exsistes, on which our hearts
Should be inamored with such passion?
For loue? come *Phylus*; come Ile chaung his fate,
In steed of loue Ile make him mad for hate.
But troth say what straines his madnesse of?
Phy. Phantasticall.
Qua. Immure him, skonce him, barrecadoe him in,
Phantasticall mad, thrice blessed heart;
Why harke good *Phylus*: (o that thy narrow sence,
Could but containe me now) all that exsists,
Takes valuation from oppinion:
A giddy minion now: pish, thy tast is dull,
And canst not relish me, come wher's *Iacomo*.

Enter Iacomo *vnbraced and careles dresst*

Phy. Looke where he coms: O map of boundles wo!
Iaco. Yon gleame is day, darknes, sleepe and feare,
Dreames, and the vgly visions of the night
Are beate to hell by the bright palme of light,
Now romes the swaine and whissells vp the morne:
Deepe Silence breakes: all things start vp with light,
Only my hart, that endles night and day,
Lies bed-red, crippeld by coy *Lucea*,
Qua. There's a straine lawe.

Nay.

A4r

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Nay now I ſeee hee's madde moſt palpable,
He ſpeakes like a player, hah! poeticall.
Iaco. The wanton ſpring lyes dallying with the earth,
And powers freſh bloud in her decayed vaines,
Looke how the new ſapt branches are in childe
With tender infants, how the Sunne drawes out,
And ſhapes their moyſture into thouſand formes
Of ſprouting buddes, all things that ſhow or breath,
Are now inſtaur'd, ſauing my wretched breſt,
That is eternally congeald with Ice
Offroz'd, diſpaire. *O Celia, coy, to nice.*
Qua. Still ſaunce queſtion mad?
Iaco. O where doth *Piety* and *Pitty* reſt?
Qua. Fetch cordes he's irrecouerable, mad, ranke madde,
He calls for ſtrange *Chymeras*, fictions
That haue no being ſince the curſe of death
Was throwne on man: *Pitty* and *Piety*,
Whole daine conuerſe with them? alas vaine head,
Pitty and *Piety* are long ſince dead.
Iaco. Ruine to Chaunce, and all that ſtriue to ſtand,
Like ſwolne *Coloſſes* on her tottering *Baſe*.
Fortune is blinde———
Qua. You lye, you lye,
None but a mad man would terme *Fortune* blind,
How can ſhee ſee to wound deſert ſo right?
Iuſt in the ſpeeding place: to girt leud browes
With honord wreath; ha? *Fortune* blinde? away,
How can ſhe hud-winkt then ſo rightly ſee,
To ſtarue rich worth and glut iniquitie?
Iaco. O Loue!
Qua. Loue? hang loue,
It is the abiect out-caſt of the world,
Hate all things, hate the world, thy ſelfe, all men,
Hate knowledge, ſtriue not to be ouer-wiſe,
,, It drew diſtruction into Paradiſe,
Hate Honor, Vertue, they are baites,
That tice mens hopes to ſadder fates,
Hate beautie, euery ballad-monger,

Can

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Can cry his idle ſoppiſh humor.
Hate riches, wealthes a flattering lacke,
A dors to face, mewes hind thy backe.
He that is poore is firmely ſped,
He neuer ſhall be flattered,
All thinges are error, durt and nothing,
Or pant with want or gorg'd to lothing,
Loue onely hate, affect no higher
Then praiſe of heauen, wine, a fire.
Suck vp thy daies in ſilent breath,
When their ſnuffs out come *Sinior* death.
Now Sir adieu runne mad and twilt,
The worſt is this my rimes but ſpilt.
Iaco Thy rimes are ſpilt who would not run ranke mad,
To ſee a wandring *French* man riuall, nay
Out-ſtrip my ſute, He kiſt my *Celias* cheeke,
Qua. Why man I ſaw my dog euen kiſſe thy *Celias* lippes,
Iaco. To morrow morne they goe to wed,
Qua. Well then I know.
Whether to morrow night they goe.
Iaco. Say quick.
Qua To bed
Iaco. I will inuoke the triple *Hecate*,
Make charmes as peter t as the breath of Fate,
But Ile confound the match,
Qua Nay then good day,
And you be coniuring once Ile ſlink away, *Exit Quadratus*.
Iaco. Boy could not *Orpheus* make the ſtones to daunce?
Phy. Yes Sir.
Iaco. Bir Lady a ſweete touch: did he not bring *Euridice* out of hell with his lute.
Phy So they ſay Sir,
Iaco. And thou chanſt bring *Celias* head out of the window with thy Lute, well hazard thy breath: looke Sir heares a ditty.
Tis fouly writ ſlight wit croſſ'd here and there,
But where thou findſt a blot, their fall a teare.

The Song.

Fie peace, peace, peace, it hath no paſſion in.

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O melt thy breath in fluent ſofter tunes
That euery note may ſeeme to tricle downe
Like ſad diſtilling teares and make: O God
That I were but a Poet now t'expreſſe my thoughts
Or a Muſitian but to ſing my thoughts
Or any thing but what I am, ſing't ore once more
My greefes a boundles ſea that hath no ſhore.

Hee Singes and is anſwered, from above a Willow garland is ſloung downe and the ſonge ceaſeth.

Is this my fauor? am I crown'd with ſ korne?
Then thus I manumit my ſlau'd condition.
Celia but heare me execrate thy loue.
By heauen that once was conſious of my loue
By all that is that knowes my all was thine
I will perſeu with deteſtation.
Thawart without ſtretched vehemence of hate
Thy wiſhed *Hymen*: I will craze my braine
But all diſceauer all: thy hopes vnite
What rage ſo violent as loue turn'd ſpight?

Enter Randolfo *and* Andrea *with a ſupplication reading.*

Ra. *Humbly complayning kiſſing the hands of your excelence your pore orators* Randolfo *and* Andrea *beſeecheth forbidding of the diſhonord match of their* Neece Celia *Widdow to their Brother*——
O twill do, twill do, it can not chuſe but doe.

And. What ſhould one ſay what ſhould one do now, vmph
If ſhe do match with yon ſame wandring knight
Shee's but vndone, her eſtimatiõ, wealth ——

Iaco. Nay ſir her eſtimations mounted vp
She ſhall be Ladi'd and ſweete *Madam'd* now.

Ran. Be Ladi'd ha, ha, O could ſhe but recaule
The honord Port of her deceaſed loue;
But thinke whoſe wife ſhe was, God wot no knights
But one (that title of) was euen a Prince
A *Sultane Sollyman*: thrice was he made
In dangerous armes *Venice* prouidetore.

An. He was a Marchant, but ſo bounteous
Valiant, wiſe, learned, all ſo abſolute
That naughts, was valewed praiſſull excellent

But

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But in it was he moſt praiſfull excellent.
Iaco. O I ſhall nere forget how he went cloath'd
He would maintaine't a baſe ill vſ'd faſhion
To bind a Marchant to the ſullen habit
Of preciſe black, cheefly in *Venice* ſtate.
Where Marchants guilt the top
And therefore ſhould you haue him paſſe the bridge
Vp the *Rialto* like a ſoldier
(As ſtill hee ſtood a *Poteſtate* at ſea)
Ran. In a black beuer felt, aſh colour plaine
A *Florentine* cloth of ſiluer ſerkin, ſleeues
White ſatten cut on tinſell, then long ſtocke.
Iaco. French paines imbroder'd, Gold-ſmithes worke, O God!
Me thinkes I ſee him now how he would walke:
With what a iolly preſence he would pace
Round the *Rialto*. Well hee's ſoone forgot
A ſtraggling ſir in his rich bed muſt ſleepe
Which if I can not croſſe, Ile curſe and weepe.
Shall I be plaine as *Truth*, I loue your Siſter:
My education birth and wealth deſerues her
I haue no croſſe, no rub to ſtop my ſute
But *Lauardur's* a knight, that ſtrikes all mute.
An. I ther's the diuill, ſhe muſt be Ladi'd now.
Iaco. O ill nurſ'd cuſtome no ſoner is the wealthy Marchant (dead
His wife left great in faire poſſeſſions
But giddie rumor graſpes it twixt his teeth
And ſhakes it bout our eares. Then thether flock
A rout of craſed fortunes whoſe crakt ſtates
Gape to be ſodderd vp by the rich maſſe
Of the deceaſed labores, and now and then
The troupe of, *I beſeech and I proteſt*
And beleeue it ſweete, is mix'd with too or three
Hopefull, well ſtockt, neat clothed *Cytizens*
Ran. But as we ſee the ſonne of a Diuine
Seldome proues Preacher, or a Lawiers ſonne
Rarely a pleader, (for they ſtriue to Run
A various fortune from their Auncestors)
So tis right geaſon for the Marchantes widow,

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To be the *Cytizens* lou'd second spouse.
Iaco. Variety of obiectes please vs still
One dish though nere so cookt doth quickly fill.
When diuerse cates the pallars scence delight
And with fresh tast creates new appetite.
Therefore my widdow she casheers the blackes
For sweares, turnes of the furd-gownes, and sutuaies
The bedrowle of her sutors thinkes and thinkes,
And straight her questing thoughts springs vp a knight,
Haue after then a maine the gam's a foote
The match clapt vp, tut tis the knight must do't.
Ran. Then must my pretty peate be Fan'd and Coach'd.
Iaco. Muffd Mask'd and Ladied, with my more then most sweete Madam,
But how long doth this perfume of sweete Madam last?
Faith tis but a wash sent. My Riotous sir
Beginnes to crack Geeles on his Ladies front,
Touches her new stampt gentry, takes a glut
Keepes out, abandons home, and spends and spends
Till stock be melted, then sir takes vp heere
Takes vp there, till no where ought is left.
Then for the Low-countries, hay for the *French*
And so (to make vp time) god night sweete wench.
Ran. By blessednesse weele stop this fatall lot.
Iaco. But how: but how?
Ran. Why stay lets thinke a plot.
An. Was not *Albano Beletzo* honorable rich?
Ran. Not peer'd in *Venice*, for birth, fortune loue.
An. Tis skarce three monthes since fortune gaue him dead.
Ran. In the blacke fight in the *Venetian* gulfe.
An. You hold a truth.
Ran. Now what a gigglet is this *Celia*?
An. To match so suddaine so vnworthely?
Ran. Why she might haue ——
An. Who might not *Celia* haue?
The passionate inamord *Iacomo*.
Iaco. The passionate inamord *Iacomo*.
An. Of honord linage, and not meanly rich.

Ran.

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Ran. The ſprightfull *Piſo*, the great *Florentine*,
Aurelius Tuber.
And. And to leaue theſe all,
And wed a wandring Knight Sir *Lauerdure*,
A God knowes what?
Ran. Brother ſhe ſhall not, ſhal our blood be moungreld with the corruption of a ſtragling *French*?
And. Saint *Marke* ſhe ſhall not,
Iaco. She ſhall not fathers by; our brother ſoules.
Ran Good day.
Iaco. Wiſh me good day? it ſtands in idle ſtead,
My *Celias* loſt, all my good daies are dead.
The Cornets ſound a floriſh.
Harke *Lorenzo Celſo* the looſe *Venice* Duke,
Is going to bed, tis now a forward morne
Fore he take reſt. O ſtrange transformed ſight,
When Princes make night day the day there night.
And Come weele petition him,
Iaco Away away,
He skornes all plaints makes ieſt of ſerious ſute.
Ran. Fall out as't twill I am reſolued to do't.
The Cornets ſound.
Enter the Duke coppled with a Lady, two cooples more with them, the men hauing tobacco pipes in their hands, the women ſitt, they daunce a round. The Petition is deliuered vp by Randolfo, *the Duke lightes his tobacco pipe with it and goes out dauncing.*
Ran. Saint *Marke* Saint *Marke*.
Iaco. Did not I tell you, looſe no more rich time,
What can one get but mier from a ſwine?
And. Lets worke a croſſe, weele ſame it all aboute
The *French* mans gelded.
Ran. O thats abſolute.
Iaco. Fie out away, ſhe knowes to well tis falſe,
I feare it to well. No no I hau't will ſtrongly doe't,
Who knowes *Franciſco Soranza*?
Ran. Piſh, piſh, why what of him?
Iaco. Is he not wondrous like your decea'ſd kinſman *Albano*.

And. Exceedingly, the ſtrangeſt neerly like
In voice, in geſture face in——
Ran. Nay he hath *Albanes* imperfection too,
And ſtuttes when he is vehemently mou'd.
Iaco. Obſerue me then, him would I haue diſguiſ'd,
Moſt perfect like *Albano*: giuing out,
Albano ſau'd by ſwimming (as in faith
'Tis knowne he ſwome moſt ſtrangely) rumor him,
This morne arriu'd in *Venice*, heere to lurke
As hauing heard the for-ward Nuptials,
T'obſerue his wifes moſt infamous lewd haſt
And to reuenge——
Ran. I hau't, I hau't, I hau't, 'twill be inuincible.
Iaco. By this meanes now ſome little time we catch,
For better hopes at leaſt diſturbe the match.
And. Ile to *Franciſco*.
Ran. Brother *Adrian*
You haue your brothers picture, ſhape him to it.
And. Preciſe in each but *Taſſell*, feare it not.
Ran. Saint *Marke* then proſper once, our hopefull plot.
Iaco. Good ſoules, good day, I haue not ſlept laſt night,
Ile take a nap, then pell mell broach all ſpight. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 2. SCENA. 1.

One knockes: Lauerdure *drawes the Curtaines ſitting on his bed apparalling himſelfe, his trunke of apparaile ſtanding by him.*

Laue. Ho *Bydett* Lackey.
Byd. Sinior? *Enter* Bydett *with Water and a Towell.*
Laue. See who knocks, looke you boy, peruſe their habits, returne perfect notice, la la ly ro. *Exit* Bid. *& returnes preſently.*
Byd. Quadratus.
Laue. Quadratus, mor dien, ma vie: I lay not at my lodging to night, Ile not ſee him now on my ſoule, hee's in his old *Perpetuana* ſute, I am not within.
Byd. He is faire, gallant, rich, neate as a Bride-groome, freſh as a new-minted ſix-pence, with him *Lampatho Doria, Symplicius Faber.* *Laue.*

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Lau. And in good cloathes.

Byd. Accoutred worthy a presence.

Lau. Vdes so: my gold wrought Wast-coate and Night-cap open my Trunck, lay my richest lute on the top, my Veluet slippers, cloth of gold gamashes, where are my cloth of siluer hose, lay them. —

Bydet. At pawne sir.

Lau. No sir, I do not bid you lay them at pawne Sir.

Byd. No sir, you need not for they are there already.

Lau. Mor du garzone: set my richest Gloues, Garters, Hatts, iust in the way of their eyes, so let them in, obserue mee withall dutious respect, let them in.

Enter Quadratus, Lampatho Doria, *and* Simplicius Faber.

Qua. *Phœbus*, *Phœbe*, Sunne, Moone, and seauen Starres make thee the dilling of Fortune, my sweet *Lauerdure*, my rich *French* bloud, ha yee deere rogue, hast any pudding *Tobacco*?

Lam. God morrow *Sinior.*

Sim. *Mounsieur Lauerdure*, do you see that Gentleman, hee goes but in black Sattin as you see, but by *Hellicon* hee hath a cloth of Tissue wit, hee breakes a iest, ha, heele raile against the Courtti1 the gallants— O God he is very *Nectar*, if you but sip of his loue, you were immortall, I must needes make you knowne to him: Ile induce your loue with deere regarde. *Sinior Lampatho* heer's is a *French* Gentleman *Mounsieur Lauerdure* a Traueller, a beloued of heauen, courts your acquaintance.

Lam. Sir I protest I not onely take distinct notice of your deere rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently inamor'd, and very passionately doate on your inwatd adornements and habilities of spirit, I protest I shall be proud to doe you most obsequious vassalage.

Qua. Is not this rare now: now by *Gorgons* head,
I gape and am struck stiffe in wonderment,
At sight of these strange beasts. You *Chamblet* youth,
Symplicius Faber that *Hermophrodite*,
Party par pale, that bastard Moungerell soule,
Is nought but admiration and applause,

Or

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Of you *Lampatho Doria*, a fuſtie caske,
Deuote to mouldy cuſtomes of hoard eld,
Doth he but ſpeake, *O tones* of heauen it ſelfe,
Doth he once write, *O Ieſu* admirable
Cryes out *Symplicius:* then *Lampatho* ſpittes,
And ſayes faith 'tis good. But O to marke yon thing
Sweate to vnite acquaintance to his friend,
Labour his praiſes and indeere his worth
With titles all as formally tricke forth,
As the Cap of a *Dedicatorie Epiſtle*,
Then ſir to view *Lampatho*, he proteſts,
Proteſts and vowes, ſuch ſuddeine heate of loue,
That O twere warmth inough of mirth to drie,
The ſtintleſſe teares of old *Heraclitus*
Make *Nyobe* to laugh.

Lam. I proteſt I ſhall bee proud to giue you proofe, I hold a moſt religious affiance with your loue.

Lau. Nay gentle Sinior:

Lam. Let mee not liue els, I proteſt I will ſtraine my vtmoſt ſineus, in ſtrengthning your pretious eſtimate, I proteſt, I will do all rights in all good offices that friendſhip can touch, or ampleſt vertue deſerue.

Qui. I proteſt beleeue him not, Ile beg thee *Lauerdure*
For a conceal'd Ideot if thou credit him,
Hee's a *Hyena*, and with *Ciuitt* ſcent
Of perfum'd words, drawes to make a prey
For laughter of thy credit. O this hote crackling loue
That blaſeth on an inſtant, flames me out
On the leaſt puffe of kindneſſe, with proteſt, proteſt,
Catzo I dread theſe hotte proteſts, that preſſe
Come on ſo faſt, no, no, away, away,
You are a common friend or will betray.
Let me clip amity, that's got with ſute,
I hate this whoriſh loue that's proſtitute.

Lau. Horne on my Tailor, could he not bring home,
My Sattin Taffeta, or Tiſſue ſute:
But I muſt needs bee cloath'd in Wollen thus.
Bydett, what ſayes he for my Siluer hoſe?

And

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And Prim-roſe Sattin Doublet, Gods my life,
Giues he no more obſeruance to my body.

Lam. O in that laſt ſute gentle *Lauerdure*,
Viſite my lodging: by *Appollos* frone
Do but inquire my name; O ſtraight theile ſay
Lampatho ſutes him-ſelfe in ſuch a hoſe.

Sim. Marke that *Quadratus*.

Lam. Conſorts him-ſelfe with ſuch a doublet.

Sim. Good, good, good, O Ieſu admirable.

Lau. La la ly ro Sir.

Lam. *O Pallas!* *Quadratus*, harke, harke, a moſt compleat phantaſma, a moſt ridiculous humor, pree-thee ſhoote him through and through with a ieſt, make him lye by the lee, thou *Baſiliſco* of witte.

Sim. O Ieſu, admirably well ſpoken, *Angelicall* tongue.

Qua. *Gnathonicall* Coxcombe,

Lam. Nay pre-thee, fut feare not he's no edge toole, you may ieſt with him.

Sim. No edge-toole, oh!

Qua. Tones of heauen it ſelfe.

Sim. Tones of heauen it ſelfe.

Qua. By bleſſedneſſe I thought ſo.

Lam. Nay when, when?

Qua. Why thou *Pole-head*, thou *Ianus*, thou *poultron*, thou proteſt, thou Eare-wig that wriggleſt into mens braines: thou durty cur that be-mierſt with thy fawning, thou—

Lam. Obſcure me, or——

Qua. *Synior Lauerdure*, by the hart of an honeſt man, this *Iebuſite*, this confuſion to him, this worſe then I dare to name, abuſeth thee moſt incomprehenſibly; is this your proteſt of moſt obſequious vaſſalage, proteſt to ſtraine your vtmoſt ſumme, your moſt——

Lam. So *Phœbus* warme my braine, Ile rime thee dead,
Looke for the Satyre, if all the ſower iuice
Of a tart braine, can ſowſe thy eſtimate,
Ile picklethee.

Qua. Ha he mount *Chirall* on the wings of fame.
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdom for a horſe,

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Looke the I ſpeake play ſcrappes. *Bydes* Ile downe
Sing, ſing, or ſtay weele quaſſe or any thing
Rino, Saint *Marke*, lets talke as loſſe as ayre
Vn-wind youthes coullors, diſplay our ſelues
So that yon enuy-ſtarued Curre may yealpe
And ſpend his chappes at our Phantaſtickneſſe.
Sym. O Lord *Quadratus*.
Qua. Away Idolater, why you *Don Kynſayder*.
Thou *Canker* eaten ruſty curre, thou ſnaffle
To freer ſpirits.
Think'ſt thou a libetine, am vngiu'd breaſt
Skornes not the ſhackleſſe of thy enuious clogges
You will traduce vs vnto publicke ſ korue.
Lam. By this hand I will.
Qua. *A fuotra* for thy hand, thy heart, thy braine,
Thy hate, thy malice, Enuie, grinning ſpight
Shall a free-borne that holdes *Antypathy*.
Lam. *Antypathy*.
Qua. I *Antypathy*.
A natiue hate vnto the curſe of man, bare-pated ſeruitude,
Quake at the frownes of a ragg'd *Satyriſt*
A ſkrubbing railer whoſe courſe harden'd fortune
Grating his hide, gauling his ſtarued ribs
Sittes houling at *Deſerts* more battle fate
Who out of dungeon of his black *Diſpairs*
Skoules at the fortune of the fairer *Merit*.
Lau. Tut *Via* let all runne glib and ſquare.
Qua. Vds futt hee cogges and cheates your ſimpler thoughtes,
My ſpleen's a fire in the heate of hate
I beare theſe gnats that hummo aboute our eares,
And ſtinge bliſter our credit's in obſcured ſhades.
Lau. Pewte *bougra* la, la, la, titt *ſhaugh*
Shall I forbeare to caper, ſing or vault
To weare freſh cloathes or weare perfum'd ſweetes
To trick my face, or glory in my fate,
T'a bandon naturall propenſitudes
My fancies humor, for a ſtiffe ioynted,

T:ur'd

C V

Tattr'd nasty taber fac'd, *pub, la, la, ly ro*
Qua. Now by thy Ladies cheeke I honor thee
My rich free-bloud, O my deere libertine
I could suck the iuice, the sirrop of thy lippe,
For thy most generous thought. *My Elysium.*
Lam. O Sir you are so square you skorne sepoose.
Qua. No sir should discreete *Mastigophoros*
Or the deere spirit acute *Canaidus*
(That *Aretine*; that most of me belou'd
Who in the rich esteeme I prize his soule
I terme my selfe) should these once menace me
Or curbe, my humors with well gouern'd check
I should with most industrious regard,
Obserue abstaine, and curbe my skipping lightnesse
But when an arrogant od impudent,
A bluthles fore-head only out of scence,
Of his owne wants, baules in malignant questing
At others meanes of wauing gallantry
Pipht soutra.
Lam. I raile at none you well squar'd *Syneer.*
Qua. I can not tell, tis now growne fashion,
Whats out of railyng's out of fashion:
A man can skarce put on a tuckt vp cap
A button'd frizado sute, skarce eate good meate,
Anchoues, cauiare, but hee's *Satyred*
And term'd *Phantasticall*: by the muddy spawne
Of slymie Neughtes, when troth, *Phantastickneſſe*,
That which the naturall *Sophysters* tearme
Phantusia incomplexa, is a function
Euen of the bright immortal part of man.
It is the common passe, the sacred dore,
Vnto the priue chamber of the soule
That bar'd nought passeth past the baser Court:
Of outward scence by it th'inamorate,
Most liuely thinkes he sees the absent beauties
Of his lou'd mistres.
By it we shape a new creation,
Of things as yet vnborne, by it wee feede:

Our rauenous memory, our intention feaſt
Slid he thats not Phantaſticall's a beaſt.
Lam. Moſt Phantaſticall protection of Phantaſtickneſſe.
Lan. Faith tis good.
Qua. So 't be phantaſtical tis wits life bloud.
Lan. Come Sinior my legges are girt.
Qua. Phantaſtically.
Lan. After a ſpetiall humor a new cut.
Qua. Why then tis, rare, tis excellent. vds fut
And I were to be hangd I would bee chokt
Phantaſtically, he can't karce be ſau'd
Thats not phantaſticall, I ſtand ferme to it.
La. Nay then ſweete ſir giue reaſon, come on, when.
Qua. *Tis hell to runne in common baſe of men.*
Lan. Haſt not runne thy ſelfe out of breath bulley.
Qua. And I haue not iaded thy eares more then I haue tierd my tongue, I could runne diſcourſe, put him out of his full pace.
I could poer ſpeech till thou crid'ſt ho, but troth,
I dread a glut, and I confeſſe much loue
To freer gentry whoſe pert agill ſpirits
Is t'o much froſt-bit numb'd with il ſtraind ſnibbes
Hath tender-reach'd my ſpeech. By *Brutus* bloud
He is a turfe that will be ſlaue to man.
But he's a beaſt that dreades his miſtreſſe fanne.
Lan. Come all merth and ſolace, capers, healthes and whiffes
To morrow are my nuptialls celebrate:
All friends all friends.
Lam. I proteſt ———
Qua. Nay leaue proteſtes, pluck out yout ſnarling phanges.
When thou haſt meanes be Phantaſticall and ſociable; goe to, heres my hand and you want fortie ſhillings I am your *Maecenas* though not *Atanis Edite regibus*.
Lam. Why content and I proteſt ———
Qua. Ile no proteſt.
Lam. Well and I doe not leaue theſe ſopperies doe not lend me fortie ſhillings, & ther's my hand, I imbrace you, loue you, nay adore thee, for by the iuice of worm-woode, thou haſt a bitter

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bitter braine.

Qu. You *Simplicius*? woult leaue that ſtaring fellow *Admiratiõ*, and *Adoration* of thy acquaintance wilt. A skorne out tis odious, too eager a defence argues a ſtrong oppoſition, & to vehement a praiſe, drawes a ſuſpition of others worthy diſparigement.

Set tapers to bright day, it ill befittes
Good wines can vent themſelues, and not good wittes.

Sym. Good truth I loue you, and with the grace of Heauen, Ile be very ciuell and ——— ———

Qua. Phantaſticall.

Sym. Ile be ſome thing, I haue a conceald humore in me and twere broachd twold ſpurt yfaith.

Qu. Come then Saint *Marke* lett's be as light as aire
As freſh and iocond as the breſt of May:
I pree thee good *French* knight good plump cheekt chub
Runne ſome *French* paſſage, come lets ſee thy vaine,
Daunces, ſceanes, and ſongs, royall intertaine.

Lau. *Petite lacque. page, page, Bydet* ſing
Giue it the *French* ierk, quick ſpart, lightly, ha,
Ha hers a turne vnto my *Lucea*.

Qua. Stand ſtiffe ho ſtand, take footing firme ſtand ſure
For if thou fall before thy miſtres
Thy man-hod's dam'd; ſtand firme—ho good, ſo, ſo.

The Daunce and Song.

Lau. Come now via aloune to *Celia*.

Qua. Stay take an old rime firſt though dry and leane
Twill ſerue to cloſe the ſtomake of the Sceane.

Lan. This is thy humor to berime vs ſtill,
Neuer ſo ſlightly pleaſ'd but out they flie.

Qua. They are mine owne, no gleaned Poetry,
My faſhions knowne, out rime takt as you liſt:
A *fico*, for the ſower browd *Zoiliſt*.

Muſick, Tobacco, Sack and Sleepe,
The tide of Sorrow backward keepe.

If thou art ſad at others fate,
Riuo drinke deepe giue care the mate,
On vs the end of time is come,
Fond feare of that we cannot ſhun,
Whilſt quickeſt ſence doth freſhly laſt,
Clip time aboute,hug pleaſure faſt.
The Siſters rauell out our twine,
He that knows litt'l's moſt deuine.
Error deludes; whole beaſe this hence,
Naughtes knowne but by exterior ſence,
Let glory blaſon others deede,
My blond then breath craues better meede,
Let twattling fame cheatd others reſt,
I am no diſh for Rumors feaſt.
Let honor others hope abuſe,
Ile nothing haue ſo nought will looſe:
Ile ſtriue to be nor great nor ſmale,
To liue nor die,fate helmeth all,
When I can breath no longer,then,
Heauen take all,there put Amen.

How iſt,how iſt?

Lau. Faith ſo, ſo, *telament*, *quelament*, as't pleaſe *Oppinion* to currant it.

Qua. Why then via letts walke,

Lau. I muſt giue notice to an od pedant as wee paſſe of my nuptials,I vſe him for he is abſcure and ſhal marry vs in priuate, I haue many enemies but ſecreſie is the beſt euaſion from enuie.

Qua Holds it to morrow?

Lau. I firme abſolute,

Lam. Ile ſay amen if the Prieſt be mute.

Qua. *Epythalamiums* will I ſinge my chucke,
Go on,ſpend freely,out on droſſe tis muck. *Exeunt*

Enter.

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Enter a Schole-maister, draws the curtains behind with,
Battus Nows, Slip, Nathaniell *and* Holifernes
Pippo, *schole-boyes, sitting with*
bookes in their hands.

All. *Salue Magister.*

Ped *Saluete pueri estote salui, vos saluere exopto vobis salutem,*
Batte my fili, fili mi Batte.

Bat. *Quid vis.*

Ped. Stand forth repeat your lesson with out booke.

Bat. A nowne is the name of a thing that may be seene felt heard or vnderstood.

Ped, God boy, on on,

Bat. Of nownes some bee substantiues and some bee substantiues.

Ped. Adiectiues.

Bat. Adiectiues, a nowne substantiue ether is propper to the thing that it betokneth.

Ped. Well to numbers.

Battus. In Nownes bee two numbers, the Singuler and the Plurall, the Singuler number speaketh of one as *Lapis* a Stone, the Plurall speaketh of more then one, as *Lapides* stones.

Ped. Good childe, now thou art past *Lapides* Stones, proceed to the cases *Nous*, say you next *Nous*, wher's your lesson *Nous.*

Nous, I am in a verbe forfooth.

Ped. Say on for footh say say.

Nous. A verbe is a part of speach declined with mood and tence and betokneth doing as *Amo* I loue,

Ped. Haw many kied of verbes ar there?

Nous. 2. Personall and impersonall,

Ped. Of verbs personalls, how many kinds.

Nou. Fiue Actiue Passiue Neuter Deponent and Common. A Veber Actiue endeth in O and beetokneth to doe as *Amo* I loue and by putting to R it may bee a passiue as *Amor* I am loued.

Ped.

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Ped. Very good child, now learne to know the *Deponent* and *common*: Say you ſlip.

Slip. *Cedant arma toga, concedant laurea lingua.*

Ped. What part of ſpeach is *lingua, inflexile, inflexile.*

Slip. *Singulariter, nominatiue Hec lingua.*

Ped. Why is *lingua* the Feminine gender?

Slip. Forſooth becauſe it is the Femenine gender.

Ped. Ha thou Aſſe, thou Dolt, *Idem per idem*, marke it: *lingua* is declined with *Hec* the Femenine, becauſe it is a houſhold ſtuffe perticularly belonging, and moſt commonly reſident vnder the roofe of Womens mouthes. Come on you *Nathaniell* ſay you, ſay you next, not too faſt, ſay tretably, ſay.

Nath. *Maſcula dicuntur Monoſilaba nomina quedam.*

Ped. Faſter, faſter.

Nath. *Vt, ſal, ſol, ren & ſplen: car, ſer, vir, vas, vadis, as, mas, Bes, cres, pres & pes, glis, glirens habens genetiue, Mos, flos, ros & tros, mons, dens, mons, pons.*

Ped. *Rup, tup, ſnup, ſlup, bor, hor, cor, mor: holla, holla, holla,* you *Holifernes Pippo*, put him downe, wipe your Noſe: fie on your ſleeue, where's your Muckender your Grand-mother gaue you? will ſay on, ſay on.

Hol. Pree Maiſter what words this?

Ped. *Aſſe, Aſſe.*

Hol. *As in preſenti perfectum formas in, in, in.*

Ped. In what Sir?

Hol. *Perfectum formas* in what Sir?

Ped. In what Sir *in avi*?

Hol. In what Sir *in avi.*

Vt no, nas, nani, vocito, vocitas, voci, voci, voci—

Ped. What's next?

Hol. *Voci*, What's next?

Ped. Why thou vngratious child, thou ſimple animall, thou barnacle. *Nous* ſnare him, take him vp, and you were my father you ſhould vp.

Hol. Indeed I am not your Father, O Lord now for God ſake; let mee go out, my mother told a thing, I ſhall bewray all els. Harke you Maiſter, my Grand-mother intreates you to come to dinner to morrow morning.

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Ped. I say vntrusse take him vp, *Nons*, dispatch what not perfect in an *Asse in presenty*?

Hol. In truth Ile bee as perfect an *Asse in presenty* as any of this *Company*, with the grace of god law, this once, this once, and I do so any more ——

Ped. I say hold him vp.

Hol. Ha let me say my praiers first. You know not what you ha done now, all the surrup of my braine is runne into my buttockes & yee spill the iuice of my wit well, ha sweete, ha sweete, hunny bai bary suger sweete Maister.

Ped. Sance trickes trifles, delaies, demurrers procrastinations or retarations mount him, mount him.

Enter Quadratus Lampatho Lauerdure *and* Simplicius.

Qua. Be mercifull my gentle *Sinior*.

Lau. Weele sue his pardon out.

Ped. He is repriued: and now *Appollo* blesse your braines *Facundius* and *Elaborate ellegance*, make your presence gratious in the eyes of your Mistres.

Lau. You must along with vs, lend priuate eare.

Sim. What is your name.

Hol. *Holifernes Pippo*.

Sim. Who gaue you that name. Nay let mee alone for sposing of a scholler.

Hol. My godfathers and god-mothers in my baptisme.

Sim. Truly gallants I am inamord on thee boy wilt thou serue me.

Hol. Yes and please my grand-mother when I come to years of discretion.

Ped And you haue a propensitude to him, he shall be for you: I was solicited to graunt him leaue to play the Lady in commedies presented by Children, but I knew his voice was to smale and his stature to loe, sing, sing a treble *Holifernes*; sing.

The Song.

A very smale sweete voice Ile assure you.

Qua. Tis smally sweete indeede.

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Sym. A very pretty Child, hold vp thy head, there, buy thee ſome plummes.

Qua. Nay they muſt play, you go a long with vs.

Ped. Ludendi venia eſt petita & conceſſa.

All. Gratias.

Sym. Pippo's my page, how like you him, ha has hee not a good face, ha.

Lau. Exceeding amiable; come away,
I long to ſee my loue my *Celia.*

Sym. Carry my rapier hold vp ſo, good childe, ſtay gallants vmph a ſweete face.

Lam. I reliſh not this mirth, my ſpirit is vntwiſt,
My heart is raueld out in diſcontents.
I am deepe thoughtfull, and I ſhoote my ſoule
Through all creation of omnipotence.

Qua. What art melancholy *Lampe*, Ile feede thy humor
Ile giue thee reaſon ſtraight to hang thy ſelfe
Mark't mark't: In heauens handiwork theirs naught
Beleeue it.

Lam. In heauens handiwork ther's naught
None more vile, accurſed, reprobate to bliſſe
Then man, and mong men a ſcholler moſt,
Things onely fleſhly ſencitiue, an Oxe or Horſe,
They liue and eate, and ſleepe, and drinke, and die
And are not touche with recollections
Of things ore-paſt or ſtaggerd infant doubtes:
Of things ſucceeding: but leaue the manly beaſtes,
And giue but pence a peece to haue a ſight:
Of beaſtly man now.

Sym. What *ſo Lampatho*, good truth I will not pay your Ordinary if you come not.

Lam. Doſt thou heare that voice. Ile make a parrat now,
As good a man as hee in foureteene nights
I neuer heard him vent a ſillable:
Of his owne creating ſince I knew the vſe
Of eyes and eares? Well he's perfect bleſt,
Becauſe a perfect beaſt. Ile gage my heart
He knowes no difference eſſentiall

Twixt

Twixt my dog and him. The horeſon ſot is bleſt
Is rich in ignorance, makes faire vſance on't
And euery day augments his barbariſme
So loue me *Calmnes* I do enuy him ſorts.
I was a ſcholler: ſeauen vſe-full ſprings
Did I defloure in quotations
Of croſſd oppinions bout the ſoule of man
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt
Knowledge and wit faithes foes, turne fayth about
Sim. Nay come good *Sinior*, I ſtay all the gentlemen here, I wood faine giue my ptity page a pudding pie.
Lam. Honeſt *Epicure*.
Nay marke liſt delight, delight my ſpaniell ſlept, whilſt I bauſd
Toſſd ore the dunces por'd on the old print (leaues,
Of titled wordes, and ſtil my ſpaniell ſlept.
Whilſt I waſted lampoile, bated my fleſh
Shrunk vp my veines, and ſtill my ſpaniel ſlept.
And ſtill I held conuerſe with *Zabarell*
Aquinas Scotus, and the muſty *ſawe*
Of antick *Donate*, ſtill my ſpaniell ſlept
Still on went I, firſt *an ſit anima*
Then and it were mortall, O hold hold
At that they are at braine buffets fell by the eares,
A maine pell mell togither, ſtill my ſpaniell ſlept.
Then whether twere Corporeall, Local, fixt,
Extraduce, but whether't had free will
Or no, ho Philoſophers
Stood banding factions all ſo ſtrongly prope,
I ſtaggerd, knew not which was firmer part.
But thought, quoted, reade, obſeru'd and pried,
Stufft noti..g bookes, and ſtill my ſpaniell ſlept.
At length he wakt and yawnd and by yon ſky,
For aught I know he knew as much as I.
Sim. Dellicat good *Lampatho* come away. I aſſiure you ile giue but two pence more.
Lam. How, twas created, how the ſoule exiſtes
One talkes of motes, the ſoule was made of motes,
An other fire, tether light, a third a ſpark of Star-like nature

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Hippo water, *Anaximenes* ayre,
Ariſtoxenus Muſicke; *Critias* I know not what,
A company of odde phrenetici
Did eate my youth, and when I crept abroad,
Finding my numneſſe in this nimble age,
I fell a railing, but now ſoft and ſlow,
I know, I know naught, but I naught do know,
What ſhall I doe, what plot, what courſe perſew?
Qua. Why turne a *Temporiſt*, row with the tide,
Purſew the cut, the faſhion of the age,
Well heer's my Schollers courſe, firſt get a Schoole,
And then a ten-pound Cure, keepe both, then buy,
(Stay marry, I marry) then a farme or ſo,
Serue God and Mammon, to the Diuill goe,
Affect ſome ſect, I 'tis the ſect is it,
So thou canſt ſeeme 'tis held the pretious wit:
And O if thou canſt get ſome higher ſeate,
Where thou maiſt ſell your holy portion,
(Which charitable prouidence ordained
In ſacred bountie for a bleſſed vſe)
Alien the gleabe, intaile it to thy loines,
Intombe it in thy graue
Paſt reſurrection to his natiue vſe.
Now if there be a hell, and ſuch ſwine ſau'd,
Heauen take all, that's all my hopes haue crau'd.

Enter Pippo.

Pip. My *Simplicius* Maiſter.
Lam. Your Maiſter *Simplicius*.
Pip. Has come to you to ſent.
Lam. Has ſent to me to come.
Pip Ha, ha, has bought me a fine dagger, and a Hatte and a Feather, I can ſay *As in preſenti* now.

Company of Boyes within.

Quadratus Quadratus, away, away.
Lam. We come ſweet gallants; and grumbling hate lye ſtil
And turne Phantaſtique: he that climbes a hill
Muſt wheele about, the ladder to account
Is ſlie diſſemblance, he that meanes to mount,

Muſt

Must lye all leuell in the prospectiue
Of eager sighted greatnesse, thou wouldst thriue,
The *Venice* state is young, loose, and vnknit,
Can rellish naught but lushious vanities
Goe fit his tooth, O glauering flatterie,
How potent art thou: front looke briske and sleeke,
That such base durt as you should dare to reeke,
In Princes nostrils. Well my sceane is long.

All within. Quadratus.

Qua. I come kotte blouds, those that their state would swell,
Must beare a counter-face: the diuell and hell
Confound them all, that's all my prayers exact,
So ends our chat, sound Musick for the Act. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Francisco *halfe dreſt, in his black doublet and round cap, the the reſt riche,* Iacomo *bearing his haste and feather?* Adrean *his doublet and band,* Randolfo *his cloake and staffe, they cloath* Francisco, *whilst* Rydet *creepes in and obserues them. Much of of this done whilst the Acte is playing.*

Fran. For God-sake remember to take speciall markes of me, or you will nere be able to know me.

Adri. Why man?

Fra. Why good faith I scarce know my selfe already me thinks I should remember to forget my selfe, now I am so shining braue. Indeed *Francisco* was alwayes a sweete youth, for I am a Perfumer, but thus braue? I am an alien to it, would you make mee like the drownd *Albano*, must I bear't mainly vp, must I bee hee.

Ran. What els man? O what else?

I..co. I warrant you, giue him but faire riche cloathes,
Hee can bee tane, reputed any thing,
Apparail's growne a God and goes more neate,
Makes men of ragges, which straight he beares aloft,
Like patcht vp scar-Crowes to affright the rout
Of the Idolatrous vulgar, that worship Images,

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Stand aw'd and bare-skalp't at the gloſſe of ſilkes,
Which like the glorious *Aiax* of *Lincolnes Inne*,
(Suruai'd with wonder by me when I lay,
Factor in London:) lappes vp naught but filth
And excrements, that beare the ſhape of men,
Whoſe in-ſide euery day would peck and teare,
But that vaine skar-crow cloathes intreates forbeare.
Fran. You would haue me take vpon me *Albano*,
A valiant gallant *Venetian Burgomaſco*,
Well my beard, my feather, ſhort ſword and my oth
Shall doo't feare not. What I know a number
By the ſole warrant of a Lupy-beard,
A raine beate plume, and a good chop filling oth,
With an odde *French* ſhrugge, and by the Lotd or ſo,
Ha leapt into ſweete Captaine with ſuch eaſe,
As you would-feart not, Ile gage my heart Ile do't,
How ſits my Hat, ha, *Iack* doth my feather wagge.
Iaco. Me thinkes now in the common ſence of faſhion,
Thou ſhouldſt grow proud, and like a fore-horſe view,
None but before-hand gallants, as for ſides
And thoſe that ranke in equall file with thee,
Studdy a faint ſalute, giue a ſtrange eye,
But as to thoſe in rere-ward O be blind,
The world wants eyes, it cannot ſee behind.
Fran. Where is the ſtrumpet, where's the hot vain'd *French*,
Liues not *Albano*, hath *Celia* ſo forgot,
Albanos loue, that ſhe muſt forth-with wed,
A runne-about, a skipping *French-man*--
Iaco. Now you muſt grow in heate and ſtur.
Fran. An odde phantaſma, a beggar, a Sir, a who who who *what you will*, a ſtraggling go go go gunds, f f f f fut--
Adrian. Paſſing like him, paſſing like him, O 'twill ſtrike all dead.
Pan. I am rauiſhed 'twill be peerles exquiſite,
Let him go out inſtantly.
Iaco. O not till twy-light, meane time Ile prop vp
The tottering Rumor of *Albanos* skape.
And ſafe arriuall, it begins to ſpread,

If this

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If this plot liue *Frenchman* thy hopes are dead. *Exeunt.*

Bydet. And if it liue strike of this little head. *Exit.*

Enter Albano *with* Slip *his Page.*

Alba. Can it be? ist possible? ist within the bounds of faith? O vilany.

Slip The clapper of Rumor strikes on both sides ringing out the *French* knight is in firme possessiō of my Misteris your wife.

Alba. Ist possible I should be dead so soone? In her affectes, how long ist since our shipprack?

Slip. Faith I haue little arithmatique in me, yet I remember the storme made mee cast vp perfectly the whole sum of all I had receiu'd, three daies before I was liquord soundly my guts were rinc'd for the heauens: I looke as pale euer since as if I had tane the diet this spring.

Alba. But how long ist since our ship-wrack?

Slip. Mary since wee were hung by the heeles on the batch of *Cycily* to make a iayle deliuery of the sea in our mawes tis iust three monthes: shall I speake like a Poet? *Tbrice hath the horned mone.*

Alba. Talke not of hornes, *O Celia* how oft
(When thou hast lay'd thy cheeke vppon my breast
And with laciuious petulancy sew'd.
For *Hymeneall* dalliance marriage rightes)
O then how oft with passionate protestes
And zealous vowes hast thou oblig'd thy loue,
In dateles bands vnto *Albanos* breast?
Then did I but mention second Marriage
With what a bitter hate would she inuaigh
Gainst retaild wedlockes. O would she lispe
If you should die, (then would she slide a teare,
And with a wanton languishment in-twist
Her hands) O God and you should die, Marry?
Could I loue life; my deare *Albano* dead
Should any Prince possesse his widdowes bed?
And now see, see, I am but rumord drown'd.

Slip. Sheele make you Prince, your worship must be crown'd
O master you know the woman is the weaker creature,

She

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She must haue a prop: the maide is the brittle mettell
Her head is quickly crackt: the wife is queasie stomacke:
She must be fed with nouelties; but then whats your widdowe,
Custome is a second nature, I say no more but think you the rest.
Alba. If loue be holy, if that mistery,
Of co-vnited hearts be sacrament?
If the vnbounded goodnesse haue infus'd,
A sacred ardor if a mutuall loue
Into our *Speties*, of those amorous ioyes,
Those sweetes of life, those comforts euen in death
Spring from a cause aboue our reasones reach?
If that cleere flame deduce his heate from heauen?
Tis like his cause's eternall alwaies one:
As is th' instiller of deuinest loue
Vnchangd by time immortall mauger death.
But O tis growne a figment: loue a iest:
A commick Poesie: the soule of man is rotten
Euen to the core no sound affection.
Our loue is hollow vaulted, stands on proppes,
Of circumstance, profit or ambitious hopes.
The other tissue Gowne or Chaine of pearle
Makes my coy minx to nussell twixt the breastes
Of her lull'd husband, tother Carkanet,
Deflowres that Ladies bed: one hundred more
Marries that loath'd blowze, one ten pound odds
In promis'd ioynture makes the hard palm'd sire,
Inforce his daughters tender lippes to start
At the sharpe touch of some loath'd stubbed beard,
The first pure time the golden age is fled,
Heauen knowes I lie tis now the age of gold,
For it all marreth and euen virtues sold.
Slip. Master will you trust me and Ile.
Alba Yes boy Ile trust thee, babes & fooles ile trust
But seruants faith, wiues loue, or femalls lust,
A vsurer and the diuill sooner. Now were I dead,
Me thinkes I see a huff-cap swaggering sir,
Pawning my plate, my iewells, morgage? Nay
Selling out right the purchace of my browes,

Whilst

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Whilſt my poore fatherleſſe leane totterd ſonne,
My gentries reliques, my houſes onely prop,
Is ſaw'd a ſunder, lyes forlorne all bleake,
Vnto the griefes of ſharpe *Neceſſities*,
Whilſt his father in law, his father in Diuell, or d d d d Diuill,
f f f father,
Or who who who who; *What you will*,
When is the marriage morne?

Slip. Euen next riſing ſonne.

Alba. Good, good good, go to my brother *Adrian*,
Tell him Ile lurck, ſtay, tell him Ile lurck, ſtay,
Now is *Albanos* marriage bed new hung
With freſh rich Curtaines, now are my valence vp,
Imboſt with orient Pearle, my Grandſires gift,
Now are the Lawne ſheetes ſum'd with Vyolets,
To freſh the pawld laſciuious appetite,
Now worke the Cookes, the paſtry ſweates with ſlaues,
The March-panes glitter, now now the muſitions
Houer with nimble ſtickes ore ſqueaking crowds,
Ticling the dryed guttes of a Mewing Catt,
The Taylors, Starchers, Semſters, Butchers Pulterers, Mercers,
all, all, all, now now now, none thinke a nee, the f f f *French* is
te f f f ſine man, de p p p pockman, de- -

Slip. Peace, peace, ſtand conceald, yonder by all diſcriptions is he would be husband of my Miſtreſſe: your wife hah meate hah.

Alba. Vds ſo, ſo, ſo, ſoule rhats my veluet cloake.

Slip. O peace, obſerue him, hah.

Enter Lauerdure *and* Bidett *talking*, Quadratus, Lampatho Simplicius, Pedante, *and* Holiternes Pippo.

Bidet. Tis moſt true Sir, I heard all, I ſaw all, I tell all, and I hope you beleeue all, the ſweete *Franciſco Soranza*, the Perfumer is by your riuall *Iecomo*, and your two brothers that muſt be, when you haue married your wife, that ſhall be.

Peda. With the grace of *Heauen*.

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Bidett. Diſguiſ'd ſo like the drownd *Albano* to croſſe your ſute, that by my little honeſty, 'twas great conſolation to mee to obſerue them, paſſion of ioy, of hope. O excellent cri'd *Andrea*, paſſingly cri'd *Randolfo*; vnparraleld liſpes *Iacomo*, good, good, good, ſayes *Andrea*, now ſtut ſayes *Iacomo*, now ſtut ſayes *Randolfo*, whilſt the rauiſht Perfumer had like to haue waterd the ſeames of his breeches for extreame pride of their applauſe.

Lau. Seſt. Ile to *Celia*, and mauger the noſe of her friends, wedde her: bedde her, my firſt ſonne ſhall bee a Captaine, and his name ſhall bee what it pleaſe his God-fathers, the ſecond if hee haue a face bad inough, a Lawyer, the third a Marchant, and the fourth if he bee maimd, dull braind, or hard ſhapt, a ſcholler, for thats your faſhion.

Qua. Get them, get them man firſt; now by the wantonneſſe of the night, and I were a wench I would not ha thee, were thou an heire, nay (which is more) a foole.

Lau. Why I can riſe high, a ſtraight legge, a plumpe thigh, a full vaine, a round cheeke, and when it pleaſeth the firtility of my chinne to be deliuered of a beard, 'twill not wrong my kiſſing, for my lippes are rebels, and ſtand out.

Qua. Ho but ther's an old fuſtie Prouerbe, theſe great talkers are neuer good dooers.

Lam. Why what a babell arrogance is this?
Men will put by the very ſtock of fate,
Theyle thwart the deſtiny of marriage,
Striue to diſturbe the ſway of prouidence,
Theile do it?

Qua. Come, youle be ſnarling now.

Lam As if we had free-will in ſupernaturall
Effects, and that our loue or hate
Depended not on cauſes boue the reach
Of humaine ſtature.

Qua. I thinke I ſhall not lend you forty ſhillings now.

Lam. Durt vpon durt, feare is beneath my ſhoe,
Dreadleſſe of rackes, ſtrappados. or the ſword,
Mauger Informer and ſlie intelligence,
Ile ſtand as confident as *Hercules*,
And with a frightleſſe reſolution,

Rip

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Rip vp and launce our times impieties.

Sim. Vds ſo peace.

Lam. Open a bounteous eare for Ile be free,
Ample as *Heauen* giue my ſpeech more roome,
Let me vnbrace my breaſts, ſtrip vp my ſleeues,
Stand like an executioner to vice,
To ſtrike his head off with the keener edge,
Of my ſharpe ſpirit.

Lau. Roome and good licence, come on, when, when.

Lam. Now is my fury mounted, fix your eyes,
Intend your ſences, bend your liſtning vp,
For Ile make greatneſſe quake, Ile tawe the hide
Of thick-skind *Hugenes*.

Lau. Tis moſt gratious weele obſerue thee calmely.

Qua. Hang on thy tongs end, come on pree-thee doe.

Lam. Ile ſee you hang'd ſi ſt, I thanke you Sir, Ile none,
This is the ſtraine that chokes the theaters:
That makes them crack with full ſtufft audience,
This is your humor onely in requeſt
Forſooth to raile, this brings your eares to bed,
This people gape for, for this ſome doe ſtare
This ſome would heare, to crack the Authors neck,
This admiration and applauſe perſues,
Who cannot raile, my humors chang'd 'tis cleare,
Pardon Ile none, I priſe my iceynes more deare.

Bidet. Maiſter, Maiſter, I ha diſcri'd the Perfumer in *Albanes* diſguiſe, looke you, looke you, rare ſport, rare ſport.

Alba. I can containe my impatience no longer, you *Monſieur Cauelere*, Saint *Dennis*, you Caprichious Sir, *Senior Caranto French braule*, you that muſt marry *Celia Galanto*, is *Albano* drown'd now? goe wander, auant Knight errant *Celia* ſhall bee no Cuck-queane, my heire no begger, my plate no pawne, my land no morgage, my wealth no ſeed for thy luxuries, my houſe no harbour for thy Comrades. my bedde no bootye for thy luſtes, my any thing ſhall bee thy nothing, goe hence packe, packe, auant, caper, caper, aloun, aloun, paſſe by, paſſe by, cloake your noſe, away, vaniſh, wander depart, ſlink by away.

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Lau. Harke you perfumer, tell *Iacomo Randulfo*, and *Adrean*, 'twill not do, looke you say no more, but 'twill not doe.

Alba. What perfumer? what *Iacomo*?

Qua. Nay assure thee honest Perfumer good *Francisco*, wee know all man, goe home to thy Ciuitt Boxe, looke to the profit, commodity or emolument of thy Musc-cats taile, go clap on your round Cap, my what do you lack sir, for yfaith good rogue alls discri'd.

Alb. What Perfumer? what Musc-cat? what *Francisco*, what do you lack, ist not inough that you kissd my wife?

Lau Inough.

Alba. I inough, and may be, I feare me too much, but you must floute me, deride me, scoffe me, keepe out, touch not my porche, as for my wife---

Lau. Stirre to the dore: dare to disturbe the match,
And by the----

Alb. My sword: menace *Albano* fore his owne dores.

Lau. No not *Albano* but *Francisco*, thus, Perfumer, Ile make you stinke if you stirre a; for the rest: well *via via*. *Exeũt* Cest.
Remanet Albano, Slip. Simp *and* Holif.

Alba. Iesu, Iesu, what intends this? ha?

Sim. O God Sir, you lye as open to my vnderstanding as a Curtizan, I know you as well----

Alb. Some body knowes me yet, praise heauen some body knowes me yet.

Sim. Why looke you Sir, I ha paide for my knowing of men and women too in my dayes, I know you are *Francisco Soranza* the Perfumer, I maugre *Sinior* Satten I.

Alb. Do not tempt my patience, go to, doe not.

Sim. I know you dwell in Saint *Markes* lane, at the signe of the Musc-cat as well--

Alba. Foole, or madd, or drunke no more.

Sim. I know where you were drest, where you were---

Alb. Nay then take all, take all, take all--
He bastinadoes Simplicius.

Simp. And I tell not my father, if I make you not loose your office of gutter Maister-ship; and you bee Skauenger next yeare

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yeare well: Come *Holiferues* come good *Holiferues*, come seruant. *Exit* Sim. Holife.

Enter Iaconio.

Alba. *Francisco Soranza* and perfumer and muscat, and gutter maister hay, hay, hay, go, go, go, gods s, s, s, sut; Ile to the Duke and Ile so ti, ti, ti, ticle them.

Iaco. Pretious, what meanes he to go out so soone,
Before the dusk of twilight might deceiue
The doubtfull priers. What holla.

Alba. Whop what diuill now?

Iaco. Ile faine I know him not, what businesse fore those dores.

Alba. Whats that to thee

Iaco. You come to wronge my friend Sir *Lauerdure*
Confessor ——————

Alba. My sword boy s, s, s, s, soule my sword.

Iaco. O my deere roague thou art a rare dissembler.

Alba. See see.

Enter Adrian *and* Randolfo.

Iaco. *Francisco* did I not helpe to cloth thee euen now
I would ha sworne thee *Albano* my good sweete slaue. *Exit* Ia.

Alba. See, see, *Iesu*, *Iesu*, impostors, connicatchers, *Santta Maria*?

Ran. Looke you, he walkes he faines most excellent.

Adri. Accost him first as if you were ignorant
Of the deceit.

Ran. O deere *Albano* now thrice happie eyes
To view the hope-lesse presence of my brother.

Alba. Most loued kinsman praise to *Heauen* yet,
You know *Albano*, but for yonder slaues—well.

Adri. Successe could not come on more gratious.

Alba. Had not you come (deare brother *Adrian*),
I thinke not one would know me. *Vlisses* dog
Had quicker scence then my dul Countrimen,
Why none had knowne me.

Rand. Doubt you of that? would I might die,
Had I not knowne the guile I would ha sworne

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Thou hadſt bin *Albano*, my nimble cozening knaue.
Alba. Whippe, whippe, *Heauen* preſerue al Saint Marke Saint Maike.
Brother *Adrian*, be frantick pree-thee be
Say I am a Perfumer *Franciſco*, hay hay
Iſt not ſome feaſt day you are all ranke drunke
Rratts ra, ra, ra, rattes knights of the be, be, be, bell, be, be, bell.
Adri. Go go proceede thou doſt it rare farewell.
Exeunt Adrian *and* Randolfo.
Alba. Farwel? ha? iſt euen ſo? boy who am I?
Slip. My Lord *Albano*,
Alb. By this breaſt you lie
The *Samian* faith is true, true, I was drown'd
And now my ſoule is ſkipt into a perfumer a gutter-maſter.
Slip. Beleeue me ſir ——— ——
Alba. No no Ile beleeue nothing, no,
The diſaduantage of all honeſt hearts
Is quick credulity, perfect ſtate pollecy
Can croſſe-bite euen ſence, the worlds turn'd Iuggler,
Caſtes myſtes before our eyes *Hayghpaſſo repaſſe*
Ile credit nothing.
Slip. Good Sir.
Alba. Hence aſſe.
Doth not *Opinion* ſtamp the currant paſſe,
Of each mans valew, vertue, quality?
Had I ingroſſd the choice commodities
Of heauens trafike, yet reputed vile
I am a raſcall; O deere vnbeleefe,
How wealthy doſt thou make thy owners wit?
Thou traine of knowledge, what a priuiledge
Thou giu'ſt to thy poſſeſſor: anchorſt him,
From floting with the tide of vulger faith:
From being dam'd with multitudes deere vnbeleefe,
I am a Perfumer, I, thinkſt thou my bloud,
My brothers know not right *Albano* yet?
Away tis faitees, if *Albanos* name,
Were liable to ſcence, that I could taſt or touch
Or ſee, or feele it, it might tice beleefe,

But

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But since tis voice, and ayre, come to the Muscat boy,
Francisco, thats my name tis right, I, I,
What do you lack? what ist you lack right that's my cry. *Exeunt*

Enter Slip *and* Nooſe Trip *with the trunchion of a ſtaffe torch, and* Doite *with a Pantofle,* Bidet, Holyſernes *following. The Cornets ſound.*

Byd. Proclaime our titles

Doit. *Bosphoros Cormelydon Honorificacumines* Bydet.

Holyf. I thinke your Maieſties a Welchman, you haue a horrible long name.

Bydet. Death or ſcilence proceed.

Doit. *Honorificacumines Bidet Emperor of Crackes, Prince of Pages, Marques of Mumchance, and ſole regent ouer a bale of falſe dice,* to all his vnder Miniſters health, Crownes, Sack, Tobacco, and ſtockings vncrakt aboue the ſhooe.

Bydet. Our ſelfe will giue them their charge, Now let mee ſtroake my beard and I had it, & ſpeake wiſely if I knew how: moſt vnconſionable, honeſt little, or little honeſt good ſubiects, informe our perſon of your ſeuerall qualities and of the preiudice that is foiſted vppon you that our ſelfe may peruew, preuent, and preoccupie the puſtulent dangers incident to all your caſes.

Doit. Here is a petition exhibited of the particuler greeuances of each ſort of pages.

Bydet. We will vouchſafe in this our publike ſeſſion to peruſe them, pleaſeth your excellent wagſhip to bee informed that the deuiſion of pages is tripartite (tripartite) or three fold, of pages, ſome be Court pages, others Ordinary gallants pages, & the third-apple ſquiers, baſket-bearers or pages of the placket, with the laſt we will proceede firſt, ſtand forth page of the placket, what is your miſtres?

Slip. A kinde of puritane.

Byd. How liue you?

Slip. Miſerably cõplayning to your crack-ſhip though we haue light Miſtreſſes we are made the Children and ſeruants of darknes, what prophane vſe we are put to, al theſe gallants more feelingly know then we can liuely expreſſe, it is to be comiſerated and

and by your royall insight onely to bee preuented that a male Mounkey and the diminutiue of a man should bee *Synonima* & no scence. Though wee are the drosse of your subiects, yet being a kinde of page, let vs finde your *Celsitude* kind and respectiue of our time-fortunes and birthes abuse, and so in the name of our whole tribe of emptie basket-bearers, I kisse your little hands.

Bidet. Your case is dangerous and almost desperat stand forth ordinary gallants page, what is the nature of your Master?

Noose. He eates well and right slouenly, and when the dice fauor him goes in good cloathes, and scowers his pinke collour silk stockings: whē he hath any mony he beares his crownes, whē he hath none I carry his purse, he cheates well, sweares better, but swaggers in a wantons Chamber admirably, hee loues his boy and the rump of a cram'd Capon, and this summer hath a passing thrifty humor to bottle ale: as contemptuous as Lucifer, as arrogant as ignorāce can make him, as libidinous as Priapus, hee keepes mee as his adamant to draw mettell after to his lodging, I curle his perriwig, painte his cheekes, perfume his breath, I am his froterer or rubber in a Hot-house, the prop of his lies, the bearer of his fals dice, and yet for all this like the *Persian* Louse that eates byting, and byting eates, so I say sithing and sithing say my end is to paste vp a *Si quis*, my Masters fortunes are forc'd to cashere me and so fix to one I fall to be a Pippin squire *Hic finis priami*, this is the end of pick pockets.

Bydet. Stand forth Court-page, thou lokest pale and wan.

Trip. Most ridiculous Emperor.

Bydet. O say no more, I know thy miseryes, what betwixt thy Lady, her Gentlewoman and thy Masters late gaming thou maist looke pale. I know thy miseries and I condole thy calamities, thou art borne well, bred ill, but diest worst of al, thy bloud most commonly gentle, thy youth ordinaryly idle, and thy age to often miserable. When thy first sute is fresh, thy cheekes cleere of Court soiles, and thy Lord falne out with his Lady, so longe may be heele chuck thee vnder the chin, call thee good pretty ape and giue thee a scrap from his owne trencher, but after he neuer beholds thee, but when thou squierst him with a torch to a wantons sheetes, or lightes his Tobacco pipe. Neuer

vseth

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vseth thee but as his pander neuer, regardeth thee but as an idle bur that stickst vpon the nap of his fortune, and so naked thou camst into the world and naked thou must returne; whom serue you.

Holy. A foole.

Bydet. Thou art my happiest subiect, the seruice of a foole is the onely blessedst slauery that euer put on a chaine and a blew cote, they know not what nor for what they giue, but so they giue tis good, so it be good they giue: fortunes are ordain'd for fooles, as fooles are for fortune, to play with all not to vse, hath hee taken an oth of alleagiance is hee of our brotherhood yet?

Holy. Not yet right *venerable Honorificae cae cae cacuminos* Bidet: but as little an infant as I am I will, and with the grace of wit I will deserue it.

Bydet. You must performe a valorous *Vertuous*, and religious exploit first in desert of your order.

Holyf. What ist?

Byd. Couzen thy master, hee is a foole, and was created for men of wit such as thy selfe to make vse of.

Holy. Such as my selfe. Nay faith for wit I think for my age or so, but on, sir.

Bidet. That thou maist the easier purge him of superfluous bloud I will discribe thy Maisters constitution, he loues and is beloued of himselfe and one more; his dog. There is a company of vnbrac'd vntrussd, rutters in the towne, that crinkle in the hammes swearing their flesh is their onely lyuing, and when they haue any crownes, cry god a marcy *Mol*, and shrugging let the Cockholds pay fort: intimating that their maintenance flowes from the wantonnesse of Merchants wiues, when introth the plaine troth is, the plaine and the stand, or the plaine stand and deliuer, deliuers them all their lyuing. These comrades haue perswaded thy Maister that ther's no way to redeeme his peach collour satten sute from pawne but by the loue of a Cytizens wife, hee beleeues it, they flout him, he feedes them, and now tis our honest and religious meditation that hee feede vs.

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Holyfernes Pippi.

Holy. *Pippo* and ſhall pleaſe you.

Bydet. *Pippo* tis our will and pleaſure thou ſute thy ſelfe like a Marchants wife, leaue the managing of the ſequence vnto our prudence.

Holy. Or vnto our *Prudence* truly ſhee is a very witty wench and hath a ſtammell petticote with three gards for the nonce; but for your Marchants wife alas I am to little, ſpeake to ſmall, go to gingerly, by my troth I feare I ſhall looke to faire.

Bydet. Our maieſty diſmounteth, and wee put of our greatneſſe, and now my little knaues I am plaine *Crack*, as I am *Boſphoros Carmelidon Honorificacumino* Bydet I am imperious: honor ſparckles in mine eyes; but as I am *Crack* I wil conuay croſbite and cheat vpon *Simplicius*, I will feed, ſatiat and fill your panches: repleniſh, ſtuff or furniſh your purſes, wee will laugh when others weepe, ſing when others ſith, feede when others ſtarue, and be drunke when others are ſober, this my charge at the looſe, as you loue our brother-hood, auoide true ſpeech ſquare dice, ſmall liquor, and aboue all, thoſe to vngentleman-like proteſtations of indeede and verely, and ſo gentle *Appollo* touch thy nimble ſtring our ſceane is donne yet fore wee ceaſe wee ſing. *The Song and Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. SCE 1.

Enter Celia Meletza Lyzabetta *and* Lucea.

Celia. Faith ſiſter I long to play with a fether,
Pree-thee *Lucia* bring the ſhuttle-cock.

Melet. Out on him light pated Phantaſticke, he's like one of our gallants at. ——

Lyza. I wonder who thou ſpeak'ſt well of?

Mel. Why of my ſelfe, for by my troth I know none el's wil.

Celia. Sweet ſiſter *Meletza* lets ſit in iudgment a little, faith of my ſeruant *Mounſier Lauerdure.*

Mel. Troth well for a ſeruant, but for a huſband (figh) I.

Lyza. Why why?

Melet.

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Melet. Why he is not a plaine foole, nor faire, nor fat, nor rich, rich foole. But he is a knight, his honour will giue the paſſado in the preſence to morrow night, I hope he wil deſerue: All I can ſay is as, as the common fiddlers will ſay in their God ſend you well to do.

Ly. How think'ſt thou of the amorous *Iacomo*.

Melet. Iacomo why on my bare troth.

Celia. Why bare troth.

Melet. Becauſe my troth is like his chinne hath no haire on't; gods me his face lookes like the head of a taber, but truſt me he hath a good wit.

Ly. Who told you ſo.

Mel. One that knowes, one that can tell?

Celia. Whoſe that.

Melet. Him ſelfe.

Lyz. Well wench, thou hadſt a ſeruant one *Fabius* what haſt thou done with him.

Melet. I donne with him? out of him puppy, by this fether his beard is derectly brick collour, and perfectly faſhion'd like the huſk of a cheeſnut, hee kiſſes with the drieſt lips; figh on him.

Celia. O but your ſeruant *Quadratus* the abſolute Courtier.

Melet. Fie, fie, ſpeake no more of him, he liues by begging? He is a fine Courtier flatters admirable kiſſes
Faire Madam, ſmells ſurpaſſing ſweete, weares
And holds vp the arras, ſupportes the tapiſtry,
When I paſſe into the preſence very gracefully and
I aſſure you.

Lucea. Madam here is your ſhuttle-cock

Melet. Siſter is not your waighting wench rich?

Celia. Why ſiſter why?

Melet. Becauſe ſhe can flatter: pree-thee call her not,
She has 24. houres to Maddam yet; come you
Yon prate yfaith Ile toſſe you from poſt to piller.

Celia. You poſt and I piller.

Melet. No, no, you are the onely poſt, you muſt ſupport

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proue a wench and beare, or elce all the building of your delight will fall ——

Celia Downe.

Lyza. What muſt I ſtand out?

Melet. I by my faith til you be married.

Ly. Why do you toſſe then?

Melet. Why I am wed wench.

Celea Pree thee to whome.

Melet. To the true huſband right head of a woman, my wil, which vowes neuer to marry till I meane to be a foole, a ſlaue, ſtarch cambrick ruffes, and make candells (pur) tis downe ſerue againe good wench.

Luc. By your pleaſing cheeke you play well.

Melet. Nay good creature pree thee doe not flatter mee, I thought twas for ſomthing you goe caſd in your veluit ſkabberd, I warrant theſe laces were nere ſtich'd on with true ſtich, I haue a plaine waighting wench ſhee ſpeakes plaine, and faith, ſhe goes plaine, ſhe is vertuous and becauſe ſhe ſhould go like virtue by the conſent of my bounty ſhee ſhall neuer haue a boue two ſmockes to her back, for thats the fortune of deſert, & the maine in faſhion or reward of merit (pur) iuſt thus do I vſe my ſeruants, I ſtriue to catch them in my racket, and no ſooner caught but I toſſe them away, if he flie wel and haue good feaethers I play with them till he be downe, and then my maide ſerues him to me againe, if a ſlug and weake wing'd if hee bee downe there let him lie.

Celea. Good *Mell* I wonder how many ſeruants thou haſt.

Melet. Troth ſo do I, let me ſee *Dupatzo*.

Lyza. *Dupatzo* which *Dupatzo*.

Melet. *Dupatzo* the elder brother the foole, he that bought the half penny riband wearing it in his eare ſwearing twas the duches of *Millans* fauor, hee into whoſe head a man may trauell 10. leagues before hee can meete with his eyes, then ther's my chub my *Epicure Quadr..tus*, that rubbes his guttes, clappes his paunch & cries *Riuo*, intertayning my eares perpetually with a moſt ſtrong diſcourſe of the praiſe of bottle ale & red

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red Herrings, then ther's *Simplicius Faber*.

Ly. Why he is a foole.

Melet. True or els he would nere be my ſeruant, then ther's the cap cloakt Courtier *Baltazar* hee weares a double treble quadruple ruffe, I in the ſommer time, faith I ha ſeruants inow and I doubt not but by my ordinary pride and extraordinary cunning to get more. *Mounſier Lauerdure* with a troupe of gallants is entring.

Lyza. He capers the laſciuious bloud about
Within heart pantes, nor leapes the eye nor lippes:
Prepare your ſelues to kiſſe for you muſt be kiſſd.

Mel. By my troth tis a pretty thing to be towards marriage, a pretty louing: looke where he comes ha ha.

Lauer. Good day ſweete loue.

Mel. Wiſh her good night man.

Lau. God morrow ſiſter.

Mel. A curſie to you caper, to morrow morne Ile call you brother.

Lauer. But much much falls betwixt the cup and lip.

Mel. Be not to confident the knot may ſlip.

Qua. Bounty, bleſſednes, and the ſpirit of wine attend my Miſtres.

Mel. Thankes good chub.

Sim. God yee god morrow heartely miſtres, and how do you ſince laſt I ſaw you.

Qua. Gods mee you muſt not inquire how ſhee does, thats priuy counſell, fie, ther's manners indeed.

Si. Pray you pardon my inciuility, I was ſom-what bould with you, but beleeue me Ile neuer be ſo ſawcy to aſke you how you do againe, as long as I liue la.

Mel. Square chub, what ſullene black is that.

Qua. A taſſell that hangs at my purſe ſtrings, hee dogs mee and I giue him ſcraps and pay for his ordinary, feede him, hee liquors himſelfe in the iuice of my bounty, and when hee hath ſuckt vp ſtrength of ſpirit he ſqueaſeth it in my owne face, when I haue refind and ſharp'd his wits with good food, hee cuts my

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fingers, and breakes ieſts vpon me, I beare them, and beate him: but by this light the dull eyed thinks he dos wel, dos very well, and but that hee and I are of two faithes—I fill my belly, and feeds his braine, I could find in my heart to hug him, to hug him.

Melet. Pree-thee perſwade him to aſſume ſpirit and ſalute vs.

Quad. Lampatho, Lampatho, art out of countenance, for witts ſake ſalute theſe beauties, how dooſt like them?

Lam. Vds fut, I can liken them to nothing, but great mens great horſe vpon great dayes, whoſe tailes are truſt vp in ſilke and ſiluer. *Quad.* To them man, ſalute them.

Lam. Bleſſe you faire Ladies, God make you all his ſeruants.

Melet. God make you all his ſeruants.

Qua. Hee is holpen well had need of you, for bee it ſpoken without prophaniſme hee hath more in this traine, I feare mee you ha more ſeruants then he, I am ſure the Diuill is an Angell of darkeneſſe. *Lamp.* I but thoſe are Angels of light.

Qua. Light Angels, pree-thee leaue them, with-draw a little and heare a Sonnet pree-thee, heare a Sonnet.

Lamp. Made of *Albanos* widdow that was, and *Mounſieur Lauerdures* wife that muſt be.

Qua. Come leaue his lips and command ſome liquor, if you haue no Bottle-Ale, command ſome Claret-wine and Bourrage, for that's my predominate humor ſleeke billid *Bacchus*, lets fill thy guttes.

Lamp. Nay heare it, and relliſh it iuditiouſly.

Qua. I do relliſh it moſt iuditially. Quad. *drinkes.*

Lamp. Adored excellence, delicious ſweet.

Qua. Delicious ſweete good, very good.

Lamp. If thou canſt taſte the purer iuice of loue.

Qua. if thou canſt taſte the purer iuice, good ſtill, good ſtill.

Qua. I doe relliſh it, it taſtes ſweete.

Lamp. Is not the metaphor good, iſt not well followed?

Qua. Paſſing good, very pleaſing.

Lamp. Iſt not ſweete.

Qua. Let me ſee't Ile make it ſweete,
Ile ſoake it in the iuice of *Helicon*.

Bir

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Bir Lady, passing sweete, good, passing sweete,
Lamp. You wrong my Muse.
Qua. The Irish flux vpon thy Muse, thy whorish Muse,
Heere is no place for her loose brothelry,
We will not deale with her, goe, away, away,
Lamp. Ile be reueng'd.
Qua. How pree-thee in a play? come, come, be sociable
In priuate seuerance from societie,
Here leapes a vaine of bloud inflam'd with loue,
Mounting to pleasure, all adict to mirth,
Thoult read a *Satyre* or a Sonnet now,
Clagging their ayery humor with——
Lam. Lamp oyle, watch Candles, Rug-gownes & small iuice,
Thin commons, foure a clock rising, I renounce you all,
Now may I eternally abandon mear
Rust fustie you which most imbrac'd disuse,
You a made me an Asse, thus shapt my lot,
I am a meere Scholler, that is a meere sot.
Qua. Come then Lampe, Ile powre fresh Oyle into thee,
Apply thy spirit that it may nimbly turne,
Vnto the habit, fashion of the age,
Ile make thee man the Scholler, inable thy behauiour,
Apt for the intertaine of any presence:
Ile turne thee gallant, first thou shalt haue a Mistresse,
How is thy spirit rais'd to yonder beauty?
She with the sanguine cheeke, the dimpled chinne,
The pretty amorous smile that clips her lips,
And dallyes bought her cheeke——
Shee with the speaking eye,
That castes out beames as ardent as those flakes,
Which sing'd the world by rash braind *Phaeton*,
She with the lip, O lips! she for whose sake,
A man could finde in his heart to in-hell himselfe,
There's more Philosophy, more theoremes,
More demonstrations, all inuincible,
More cleare diuinity drawne on her cheeke,

Then

Then in all volumes tedious paraphaſe,
Of muſty eld, O who would ſtaggering doubt,
The ſoules eternity, ſeeing it hath
Of heauenly beauty, but to caſe it vp,
Who would diſtruſt a ſupreame exiſtence,
Able to confound when it can creale,
Such heauen on earth able to intrance,
Amaze: O I 'tis prouidence, not chance.

Lam. Now by the front of *Ione* me thinks her eye
Shootes more ſpirit in me, *O beautie feminine*!
How powerfull art thou, what deepe magick lyes
Within the circle of thy ſpeaking eyes.

Qua. Why now could I eate thee, thou dooſt pleaſe mine appetite, I can diſiſt thee, God made thee a good foole, and happy and ignorant, and amarous, and riche and fraile, and a Satyriſt, and an *Eſſayeſt*, and ſleepy, and proud, and indeed a foole, and then thou ſhalt bee ſure of all theſe. Doe but ſcorne her ſhee is thine owne, accoſt her careleſly, and her eye promiſeth ſhee will be bound to the good abbearing.

Celia. Now ſiſter *Meletza* dooſt marke their craſt, ſome ſtraggling thoughts tranſport thy attentiueneſſe from his diſcourſe, waſt *'acomos* or our brothers plot?

Lauer. Both, both, ſweete Lady, my Page heard all, we mette the roague, ſo like *Albano*, I beat the roague.

Sim. I but when you were gone the roague beat me.

Lau. Now take my counſell, liſten.

Melet. A pretty youth, a pretty well ſhapt youth, a good leg, a very good eye, a ſweete ingenious face, and I warrant a good witte, nay which is more, if hee bee poore I aſſure my ſoule hee is chaſte and honeſt, good faith I fancy, I fancie him, I and I may chance, well Ile thinke the reſt.

Qua. I ſay bee careleſſe ſtill, court her without complement take ſpirit.

Lauer. Were not a pleaſing ieaſt for me to cloath
Another raſcall like *Albano*, ſay
And rumer him return'd without all deceit,

Would

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Would not beget errors most ridiculous.

Qua. *Meletza bella belletza, Madonna, bella bella genteletza* pree-thee kisse this initiated gallant.

Melet. How would it please you I should respect yee.

Lamp. As any thing, *What you will* as nothing.

Melet. As nothing, how will you valew my loue.

Lamp. Why iust as you respect me, as nothing, for out of nothing, nothing is bred, so nothing shall not beget any-thing, any-thing bring nothing, nothing bring any-thing, any-thing & nothing shal be *What you will*, my speach mounting to the valieu of my selfe which is.

Melet. What sweete ———

Lamp. Your nothing light as your selfe scenceless as your sex, and iust as you would ha me, nothing.

Melet. Your wit skips a morisco, but by the brightest spangle of my tier, I vouchafe you intire vnaffected fauor, were this gentle spirit be not proud.

Beleeue it youth slow speech, swift loue doth often shrowd.

Lamp. My soul's intranc'd your fauor doth transport,
My scence past scence, by your adored graces,
I doat, am rapt.

Melet. Nay if you fall to passion and past scence,
My breasts no harbor for your loue, go packe, hence.

Qua. Vds fut thou gull, thou inkie scholler, ha, thou whoreson fop,
Wilt not thou clappe into our fashion'd gallantry,
Couldst not be proud and skornfull, loose and vaine
Gods my hearts obiect, what a plague is this:
My soul's intraunc'd, fut couldst not clip and kisse,
My soul's intraunc'd, ten thousand crownes at least
Lost lost, my soul's intraunc'd, loues life O beast!

Alba. *Celia* open, open *Celia*, I would enter, open *Celia*.

Fran. *Celia*, open, open *Celia*, I would enter open *Celia*.

Alba. What *Celia* let in thy husband *Albano* what *Celia*.

Fran. What *Celia* let in thy husband *Albano* what *Celia*

Alba. Vds s, s, s, fut let *Albano* enter.

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Fran. Vds f,f,f, but let *Albano* enter.

Celia. Sweete breast you ha playd the wag yfaith.

Qua. Beleeue it sweete not I.

Melet. Come you haue attired some fiddler like *Albano* to fright the perfumer, ther's the iest.

Ran. Good fortunes to our sister.

Melet. And a speedy marriage.

Adri. Then we must wish her no good fortunes.

Iaco. For shame, for shame straight cleere your house; sweepe out this dust, fling out this trash, returne to modesty your husband I say your husband *Albano* that was supposd drownd is return'd I and at the dore.

Celia. Ha ha, my husband, ha ha.

Adri. Laugh you, shamelesse? laugh you?

Celia. Come, come, your plots discouerd, good faith kinsmen I am no s kold : to shape a Perfumer like my husband, O sweete iest.

Iaco. Last hopes all knowne.

Celi For pennance of your fault will you maintaine a iest now, my loue hath tired some fiddler like *Albano*, like the Perfumer.

Lau. Not I by blessednesse not I.

Mel. Come tis true, do but support the iest and you shal surfet, with laughter.

Iaco. Faith we condiscend, t will not be croſd I see, Marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Alba. B, b, b, bar out *Albano*, O Adulterous impudent.

Fran. B, b, b, bar out *Albano*, O thou matchlesse g, g, g, gigglet.

Enter Albano *and* Francisco.

Qua. Let them in, let them in, now, now, now obserue, obserue, look, look, look.

Iaco. That fames a fiddler, shapt like thee, feare naught, bee confident thou shalt know the iest heereafter, be confident; feare naught, blush not, stand firme.

Alba. Now brothers, now gallants, now sisters now call a Perfumer a gutter-maister, bar mee my house, beate mee: bastle mee

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me,ſ koffe me,deride mee, ha that I were a young man againe, by the mas I would ha you all by the eares, by the mas law; I am *Franciſco Soranza* am I not gigglet:ſtrumpet,cutters,ſwaggerers, brothell haunters, I am *Franciſco*, O god, O ſlaues, O dogges,dogges,curres.

Iaco. No,ſir pray you pardon vs,we confeſſe you are not *Franciſco* nor a Perfumer,but cuen.

Alba. But cuen *Albano*.

Iaco. But cuen a fiddler,a miniken tickler,a pum, pum.

Fran. A ſcraper,ſcraper.

Art not aſham'd before *Albanos* face,
To clip his ſpouze,O ſhamleſſe impudent!

Iaco. Well ſaid perfumer.

Alb. A fiddler a ſcraper,a miniken tickler,a pum,a pum,euen now a Perfumer,now a fiddler, I will be euen *What you will*,do, do,do,k,k,k,kiſſe my wife be,be,be,be,fore.

Qua. Why would'ſt haue him kiſſe her behind?

Alba. Before my owne f,f,f,face.

Iaco. Well done fiddler.

Alba. Ile f,f,fiddle yee.

Fran. Doſt f,f,floute mee.

Alba. Doſt m,m,m,mock me.

Fran. Ile to the Duke Ile p, p, p,paſte vp infamies on euery poſt.

Iaco. Twas rarely,rarely done,away,away. *Exit* Franciſco.

Alba. Ile f,f, follow,though I ſt,ſt,ſt,ſtut, ile ſtumble to the Duke in p,p,plaine language,I pray you vſe my wife well,good faith ſhee was a kinde ſoule and an honeſt woman once, I was her huſband and was call'd *Albano* before I was drown'd, but now after my reſurrection I am I know not what indeede brothers, and indeed ſiſters and in deed wife I am:*What you will*, do ſt thou laugh, doſt thou ge,ge ge, gerne;a p,p,p,perfumer a fiddler,*a Diabalo,matre de Dios*, Ile f, f, f, firk you by the Lord now,now I will. *Exit* Albano.

Qua. Ha ha tis a good roague,a good roague.

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Lau. A good rogue ha, I know him not.
Celia. No good sweete loue come come dissemble not,
Lau. Nay if you dread nothing happy be my lot
Come *Via fest*, come faire cheekes, come lets dance,
The sweetes of loue is amorous dal'iance.
Celia. All friends, all happy friends, my vaines are light,
Ly. Thy praiers are now god send it quickly night,
Melet. And then come morning.
Ly. I thats the hopefull day.
Mel. I there thou hitst it.
Qua. Pray God he hit it.
Lau. Play.

The Daunce.

Iaco. They say ther's reuells and a Play at Court.
Lau. A Play to night?
Qua. I tis this gallants wit,
Iaco. Ist good ist good?
Lamp. I feare twill hardly hit.
Qua. I like thy feare, wel, twil haue better chance,
Ther's naught more hatefull then ranck ignorance.
Celia. Come gallants the table spread will you to dinner?
Qua. Yes first a maine at dice and then weele eate,
Sim. Truely the best wittes haue the bad'st fortune at dice still.
Qua. Whole Play, whole play.
Sim. Not I, in truth I haue still exceeding bad fortune at dice.
Celia. Come shall we in, infayth thou art suddaine sad,
Dost feare the shaddow of my long dead Lord.
Lauer, Shaddow ha I cannot tel
Time tryeth all things well, wel, well.
Qua. Would I were time then, I thought twas for some thing that the old fornicator was bald behinde; go passe on passe on.

Exeunt.

ACT.

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ACT. 5. SCÆ. 1.

The Curtaines are drawne by a Page, and Celia *and* Lauerdure, Quadratus, *and* Lyzabetta, Lampatho *and* Meletza Simplicius, *and* Lucea *displayed sitting at Dinner. The Song is sung, during which a Page whispers with* Simplicius.

Qua. Feede and be fat my fayre *Calipolis*,
Ryno heer's good iuice, fresh Burrage boy?

Lam. I commend, commend my selfe to yee Lady.

Melet. In troth Sir you dwell farre from neighbours that are inforc'd to commend your selfe.

Qua. Why *Simplicius*, whether now man, for good fashions sake stirre not, sit still, sit still.

Sim. I must needs rise, much good do it you.

Qua. Doost thou thinke thy rising will do them much good, sit still, sit still, carue me of that good *Melletza*: fill *Bacchus* fill.

Sim. I must needs bee gone, and youle come to my Chamber to morrow morning, Ile send you a hundred crownes.

Qua. In the name of Prosperitie, what tide of happinesse so suddeinly is flou'd vpon thee.

Sim. Ile keepe a horse and foure boyes with grace of fortune now.

Qua. Now then ifaith get vp and ride.

Sim. And I do not? Ile thwack a Ierkin till he groane againe with Gold lace: let mee see, what should I desire of God, mary a Cloake linde with rich Taffata, white Satin sute, and my gilt Rapier from pawne, nay shee shall giue me a Chaine of Pearle that shall pay for all, good boy, good *Sinior*, good boye, good *Sinior*.

Qua. Why now, thou speaketh in the most imbrac'd fashion that our time hugges, no sooner a good fortune, or a fresh sute falles vpon a fellow that would ha beene guld to ha shou'd into your society, but and he met you he fronts you with a faint eye, throwes a squint glaunce ouer a wried shoulder and cryes

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twixt the teeth, as very parcimonious of breath, good boy, good Sinior, good boy, good Sinior death: I will ſearch the life bloud of your hopes.

Sim. And a freſh Pearle-colour ſilke ſtocking o I I I I, Ile goe to the halfe crowne ordinary euery meale, Ile haue my Iuory boxe of Tobacco, Ile conuerſe with none but Counts and Courtiers--now good boy, good Sinior, a paire of maſſie ſiluer Spurs, to a hatch ſhort ſword, and then your imbroderd hanger, and good Sinior.

Qua. Shut the windowes, darken the roome, fetch whips, the fellow is madde, hee raues, hee raues, talkes idly, lunatique, who procures thy---

Sim. One that has eate fat Capon, ſuckt the bould Chicken, & let out his wit with the foole of bounty, one *Fabius*, Ile ſcorne him, hee goes vpon Fridaies in black ſatten.

Qua. Fabius, by this light, a cogging Chetor, he liues on loue of Marchants wiues, hee ſtands on the baſe, of maines, hee furniſheth your ordinary, for which he feeds ſcot-free, keepes faire gold in his purſe, to put on vpon maines, by which he liues and keepes a faire boy at his heeles, he is dam'd *Fabius*.

Sim. He is a fine man law, and has a good wit, for when he liſt he can go in black Sattin, I and in a cloake lin'd with vnſhorne Veluet.

Qua. By the ſaluation of humanity he's more peſtilent then the plague of Lice that fell vpon *Egipt*, thou haſt bin knaue if thou credit it, thou art an Aſſe if thou follow it, & ſhalt be a perpetual Ideot if thou perſue it, renounce the world, the fleſh the Diuell, and thy truſt in mens wiues for they wil double with thee, and ſo I betake my ſelfe to the ſucking of the iuice Capon, my ingle Bottle-ale, & his Gentleman vſher that ſquiers him red herring, a foole I found thee & a foole I leaue thee, beare record heauē tis againſt the prouidence of my ſpeach, God boy good Sinior.

Enter Slip Nows, Doite, *and* Bydet. *Exit.*

Sim. Ha, ha, ha, God boy good Sinior, what a foole 'tis, ha, ha, what an Aſſe 'tis, ſaue you young Gentlemen, is ſhee comming, will ſhe meete me, ſhal's incounter ha?

Byd. You

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Byd. You were not lapt in your Mothers ſmock, you ha not a good cheeke, an intici[illegible]g eye, a ſmooth skinne, a well ſhapt leg, a faire hand, you cannot bring a wench into a fooles parradize for you?

Sim. Not I by this garter, I am a foole, a very Ninny I, how call you her? how call you her?

Byd. Call her, you riſe on your right ſide to day marry, call her, her name is Miſtreſſe *Perpetuana*, ſhee is not very faire, nor goes extraordinary gay.

Sim. She has a good skinne?

Byd. A good skin? ſhe is wealthy, her husbands a foole, ſheele make you, ſhe weares the breeches: ſheele make you.

Sim. Ile keepe two men and they ſhall be Taylors, they ſhall make ſutes continually, and thoſe ſhall be cloath of ſiluer.

Byd. You may go in beaten pretious Stones euery day, marry I muſt acquaint you with ſome obſeruances which you muſt perſue moſt religiouſly, ſhe has a foole, a naturall foole waights on her, that is indeed her pander to him, at the firſt you muſt be bounteous, what-ſo-ere hee craues, bee it your Hatte, Cloake, Rapier, Purſe, or ſuch trifle, giu't, giu't, the night will pay all: and to draw all ſuſpect, from perſuing her loue for baſe gaine ſake.

Sim. Giu't by this light, Ile giu't, wert, gaine, I care not for her Chaine of Pearle, onely her loue; gaine? the firſt thing her bouty ſhal fetch is my bluſh colour Satten ſute frō pawn: gaine?

Byd. When you heare one winde a Cornet, ſhee is comming downe *Saint Markes* ſtreete, prepare your ſpeech, ſuck your lippes lighten your ſpirits, waſh your bloud, ſleeke your cheekes, for now thou ſhalt be made for euer (a perpetuall and eternall gu'l) *Exit* Bydet.

Sim. I ſhall ſo rauiſh her with my court-ſhip, I haue ſuch variety of diſcourſe, ſuch coppy of phraſe to begin, as this; ſweete Lady *Vliſſes* Dog after his Maiſters ten yeares trauell, I ſhall ſo tickle her, or thus, Pure beauty there is a ſtone.

Slip. Two ſtones man.

Sim. Called, 'tis no matter what; I ha the eloquence, I am not to ſeeke I warrant you.

The

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The Cornet is winded, Enter Pippo Bydet, Pippo *attired like a Merchants wife, and* Bydet like a Foole.

Sweete Lady *Vlisses* dog, there's a ſtone called--, O Lord what ſhall I ſay.

Slip. Is all your eloquence come to this?

Sim. The glorious radient of your glimmering eies, your glittering beauties blind my witt, and dazled my---

Pippo. Ile put on my maske and pleaſe you, pray you winke, pray you.

Bidet. O fine man, my miſtreſſe loues you beſt, I dreame you ga me this ſword and dagger, I loue your Hatte and Feather, O.

Sim. Do not crie man, do not crie man, thou ſhalt ha them I and they were--

Bydet. O that purſe with all the white pence in it, fine man I loue you, giue you the fine red pence ſoone at night, he, I thanke you where's the foole now?

Sim. He has all my money, I haue to keepe my ſelfe, and--

Slip. Poght.

Pippo. Sir the foole ſhall lead you to my houſe, the foole ſhall not, at night I expect you, till then take this ſeale of my affection.

Within Qua. What *Simplicius.*

Sim. I come *Quadratus*, Gentlemen as yet I can but thanke you, but I muſt bee truſted for my ordinary ſoone at night, or ſtay Ile--the foole has vnfurniſht mee, but 'twill come againe, good boy.

Within, Qua. What ho *Simplicius*?

Sim. Good boy, good boyes, I come, I come, good boyes, good boyes.

Byd. The foole ſhall waight on thee, Now do I merrit to bee yclipped *Boſphoros Carmelyden Honorificacuminos* Bydett, who who has any ſquare Dice?

Pippo. Marry Sir that haue I.

Byd Thou ſhalt looſe thy ſhare for it in our purchaſe.

Pippo. I pray you now, pray you now.

Byd Sooner the whiſſell of a Marriner,
Shall ſleeke the rough curbes of the *Ocean* back,

Now

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Now ſpeake I like my ſelfe thou ſhalt looſe thy ſhare.

Enter Quadratus, Lauerdure *and* Celia, Simplicius Meletza, Lyzabetta Lucea *and* Lampatho.

Pip. Ha take all then, ha.

Qua. Without cloake or hat or rapier figh,

Sim. Gods me, looke yonder, who gaue you theſe things?

Byd. Miſtris *Perpetuanas* foole.

Sim. Miſtris *Perpetuanos* foole, ha, ha, there lies a ieſt, *Stuier* the foole promiſed me he would not leaue me.

Byd. I know the foole well, he will ſticke to you, dos not vſe to for-ſake any youth that is inamord on an other mans wife, hee ſtriues to keepe company with a crimſon ſatten ſute continually, he loues to be all one with a critique, a good wit ſelfe conceited, a hauke bearer, a dogge keeper, and great with the nobility, hee doates vpon a meere ſcholler an honeſt flat foole, but a boue all hee is all one with a fellow whoſe cloake hath a better inſide then his out ſide and his body richer liu'd then his braine.

Sim. Vds ſo I am coſoned.

Pip. Pray you maiſter pardon me, I muſt looſe my ſhare.

Sim. Giue me my purſe againe.

Byd. You gaue it me and Ile keepe.

Qua. Well done my honeſt crack thou ſhalt be my ingle fort.

Lau. He ſhall keepe all maugre thy beardles chin thy eyes.

Sim. I may go ſtarue till Midſomer quarter.

Qua. Foole get thee hence,

Pip. Ile to ſchoole againe that I will, Ileſt in *Aſſe in preſenty*, and Ile begin in *Aſſe in preſenty* and ſo good night faire geantry.

Exit Pippo.

Qua. The triple Ideotts coxcombe crownes thee,
Bitter epigrames confound thee,
Cucold be when ere thou brid thee,
Through euery comick ſceane be drawne,
Neuer come thy cloathes from pawne.

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Neuer may thy ſhame be ſheathed,
Neuer kiſſe a wench ſweet breathed.

Cornets ſound.

Enter as many Pages with Torches as you can, Randolfo *and* Adrian, Iacomo *bare, the Duke with attendantes.*

Ran. Seace the Duke approacheth tis almoſt night,
For the Dukes v.p, now begins his day
Come grace his entrance; lightes lightes now ginnes our play.

Duk. Still theſe ſame bauling pipes, ſound ſofter ſtraines
Slumber our ſcence, tut theſe are vulger ſtraines,
Cannot your trembling wiers throw a chaine
Of powerfull raptute bout our mazed ſcence
Why is our chaire thus cuſhion'd tapiſtry
Why is our bed tired with wanton ſportes?
Why are we cloath'd in gliſtring attiers,
If common bloudes can heare, can, feele,
Can ſit as ſoft, lie as laſciuious
Stut all as rich as the greateſt Potentate,
Soule, and you cannot feaſt my thriſtling eares
With aught but what the lip of common berth can taſt,
Take all away your labors idly waſt
What ſport for night.

Lam. A Commedy, intitled *Temperance*.

Duk. What ſor elects that ſubiect for the Court,
What ſhould dame *Temperance* do heere, away,
The itch on *Temperance* your morrall play.

Qua. Duke, Prince, royall bloud, thou that haſt the beſt meanes to be damn'd of any Lord in *Veince*, thou great man, let me kiſſe thy fleſh, I am fat and therefore faithfull, I will do that which few of thy ſubiects do; loue thee, but I will neuer do, that which all thy ſubiects do; flatter thee; thy humors reall, good, a Commedie?
No and thy ſcence would banquit in delightes,
Appropriat to the bloud of Emperors;
Peculier to the ſtate of Maieſty,

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That none can relliſh but dilated greatneſſe.
Vouchaſe to vew the ſtructure of a ſceane
That ſtands on tragike ſollid paſſion,
O thats fit trafick to commerce with birthes:
Straind from the mud of baſe vnble braines,
Giue them a ſceane may force their ſtruggling bloud
Riſe vp on tiptoe in attention,
And fill their intellect with pure elixed wit,
O thats for greatneſſe apt, for Princes fit.

Duke. Darſt thou then vndertake to ſute our eares,
With ſuch rich veſtment.

Qua. Dare; yes my Prince I dare, nay more, I will,
And ile preſent a ſubiect worth thy ſoule:
The honor'd end of *Cato Vtican.*

Duk. Whole perſonate him.

Qua. Marry that wil I on ſuddaine without change.

Duk. Thou want ſt a beard.

Qua. Tuſh a beard nere made *Cato*, though many mens *Cato* hang onely on their chin.
Suppoſe this flowre the *City vtica*,
The time the night that prolong'd *Catos* death:
Now being plac'd moung his Philoſophers,
Theſe firſt diſcourſe the ſoules eternity.

Iaco. *Cato* grantes that I am ſure, for he was valiant, and honeſt, which an *Epicure* nere was, and a coward neuer will be.

Qua. Then *Cato* holdes a diſtinct notion,
Of ſindiuiduall actions after death:
This being argu'd his reſolue maintaines,
A true magnanimous ſpirit ſhould giue vp durt
To durt, and with his owne fleſh dead his fleſh,
Fore chance ſhould force it crouch vnto his foes
To kill ones ſelfe ſome I, ſome hold it no,
O theſe are pointes would intice away ones ſoules
To breakes indenture of baſe prentiſage, *Enter* Franciſco.
And run away from's boddy in ſwift thoughts
To melt in contemplation luſhious ſweetes,

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Now my voluptious Duke ile feede thy sceuce,
Worth his creation giue me audience.

Fran. My leidge my royall leidge, heare, heare my sute.

Qua. Now may thy breath more smell sweete as long as thy loungs can pant for breaking my speech, thou muscouite, thou stinking perfumer.

Enter Albano.

Duke. Is not this *Albano* our some times Courtier?

Fran. No troth but *Francisco* your alwaies perfumer.

Alb. *Lorenzo Celso* our braue *Venice Duke*. *Albano*, *Bellenzo*, thy Merchant, thy soldier, thy Coutier, thy slaue, thy any-thing, thy *What thou wilt*, kisseth thy noble bloud doe mee right or els I am canonized a cuckold, canonized a cuckold, I am abus'd, I am abus'd, my wifes abusd, my cloathes abusd, my shape, my house my all abusd, I am sworne out of my selfe, beated out of my selfe basled geird at, hanght at, bard my owne house, debard my owne wife, whilst others swill my wiues gurmandize, my meat, meat, kisse my wife, O gods, O gods, O gods, O gods, O gods, O gods.

Lauer. Who ist? who ist?

Celia. Come sweete this is you waggery yfaith, as if you knew him not.

La. Yes I feare I do too wel, would I could slide away invisible.

Duke. Assured this is hee.

Iaco. My worthy leidge the iest comes only thus.
Now to stop and crosse it with nere like deceites
All being knowne the *French* knight hath disguisd,
A fiddler like *Albano* too, to fright the perfumer, this is all.

Duke. Art sure tis true.

Melet. Tis confest tis right.

Alb. I tis right, tis true, right, I am a fiddler, a fiddler, a fidler vds sut a fidler; Ile not beleeue thee thou art a woman, and tis knowne *veritas non querit angulos*, truth seekes not to lurke vnder varthingalls *veritas non querit angulo*, a fidler?

Lau. Worthy sir pardon, and permit me first to confesse your selfe, your deputation dead, hath made my loue liue, to offend you. *Alb.* I mock on, s koffe on flo ut on, do do do.

Lauer.

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Lau. Troth sir in serious.

Alba. I good, good, come hether *Celia*,
Burst breast, riue heart a sunder? *Celia*.
Why starteſt thou back, ſeeſt thou this *Celia*
O me how often with laſciuious touch thy lip,
Hath kiſſd this mark, how oft this much wrong'd breaſt
Hath borne the gentle waight of thy ſoft cheeke.

Celia. O me my deereſt Lord my ſweete, ſweete loue.

Alba. What a fidler, a fidler now thy loue.
I am ſure thou ſkornſt; it nay *Celia*, I could tell
What on the night before I went to ſea,
And tooke my leaue with *Hymeneall* rights
What, thou liſpſd
Into my eare, a fidler and perfumer now.

Adri. And ——————

Ran. Deere brother.

Iaco. Moſt reſpected *Sinior*,
Beleeue it by the ſacred end of loue,
What much, much wronge hath forc'd your patience
Proceeded from moſt deere affied loue,
Deucted to your houſe.

Adri. Beleeue it brother.

Iaco. Nay your ſelfe when you ſhall heare the occurraunces will ſay tis happy commicall.

Ran. Aſſure thee brother.

Alba. Shall I be braue, ſhall I be my ſelfe now, loue giue me thy loue, brothers giue me your breaſts, *French* knight reach me thy hand, perfumer thy fiſt. Duke I inuite thee, loue I forgiue thee: *Frenchman* I hug thee, Ile know all, ile pardon all, and Ile laugh at all.

Qua. And ile curſe you all.

O yee ha interrupt a ſceane.

Duke. *Quadratus* we will heare theſe pointes diſcuſſd,
With apter and more calme affected houres.

Qua. Well, good, good.

Alba Woſt euen ſo yfaith why then caprichious mirth,
Skip light moriſcoes in our frolick bloud,
Flaggd veines, ſweete plump with freſh infuſed ioyes:

Laughter pucker our cheekes, make ſhoulders ſhog,
With chucking lightneſſe, loue once more thy lippes,
For euer claſpe our hands, our hearts, our Creaſts,
Thus front, thus eyes, thus cheeke, thus all ſhall meete.
Shall clip, ſhall hug, ſhall kiſſe, my deere, deere ſweete,
Duke wilt thou ſee me reuell, come loue daunce,
Court gallants court, ſuck amorous dalliance.
Lam. Beauty your heart. *Melet.* Firſt ſir accept my hands.
Shee leapes too raſh, that falls in ſuddeine bands.
Lam. Shall I diſpaire? neuer will I loue more.
Melet. No ſea ſo boundles vaſt but hath a ſhore.
Qua. Why marry me.
Thou canſt haue but ſoft fleſh, good bloud, ſound bones.
And that which fils vp all your bracks, good ſtones.
Lyzabet. Stones, Trees and beaſts in loue ſtill firmer prooue,
Then man, Ile none no hold-faſtes in your loues.
Lau. Since not the Miſtreſſe, come on Faith the maide.
Alba. Ten thouſand Duckets too to bote are laide.
Lau. Why then winde Cornets, lead on iolly ladde.
Alla. Excuſe me gallants though my legges lead wrong.
Tis my firſt footing, winde out nimble tongue.
Duke. Tis well, tis well, how ſhall we ſpend this night?
Qua. Gulpe Rheniſh Wine my liedge, let our paunch rent,
Suck merry Gellyes, preuiew but not preuent
No mortall can the miſeries of life.
Alba. I home inuite you all, come ſweete, ſweete wife,
My liedge vouchſafe thy preſence, drinke till the ground looke blew, boy.
Qua. Liue ſtill ſpringing hopes, ſtill in freſh new ioyes,
May your loues happy hit in faire cheekt wiues,
Your fleſh ſtill plumpe with ſap'd reſtoratiues,
That's all my honeſt frolick heart can wiſh,
A Fico for the mew and Enuious piſh,
Till night, I wiſh good food, and pleaſing day,
But then ſound reſt, ſo ends or flight writ play. *Exeunt.*
Deo op: max: gratias.

FINIS.

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